

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



AEC'S GORDON DEAN
A new age grows underground.

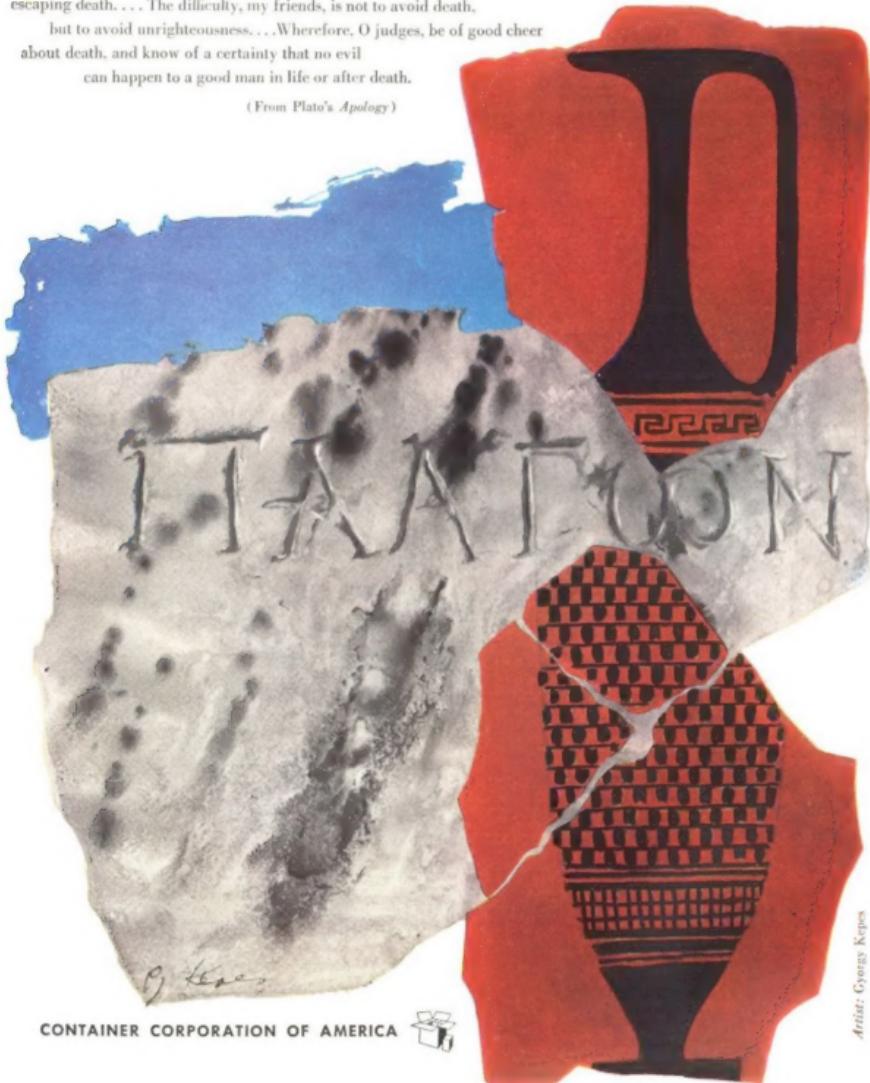
Baris Chaliapin

Socrates on Doing Right or Wrong

GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN
... ONE OF A SERIES

A man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance
of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing
anything he is doing right or wrong.... For neither in war
nor yet at law ought I or any man to use every means of
escaping death.... The difficulty, my friends, is not to avoid death,
but to avoid unrighteousness.... Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer
about death, and know of a certainty that no evil
can happen to a good man in life or after death.

(From Plato's *Apology*)



CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Artist: Gyorgy Kepes

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



16 million tons of crash! bang! crunch!

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

THOSE are chunks of coal, some weighing a ton apiece, on their way to a boat ride. It's a rubber conveyor belt they are riding, to a barge. Coal cars crash these heavy lumps onto the belt from a height of 15 feet. It's a wonder that belts lasted 5 years and carried 6 million tons of coal; that was a testimonial to rubber.

But still B. F. Goodrich wasn't satisfied. Engineers here had been working on a new principle of conveyor belts called cord belts, for just such crashing impact. In this exclusive design individual cords run lengthwise, each

floating in rubber—the whole belt can "give" and absorb impact blows whereas ordinary belts had to stand and take the blow and so of course tore, broke, wore out.

The belt in the picture is the first cord conveyor belt ever installed. Instead of the 5-year previous record, it had this picture taken after 11 years and 14 million tons of punishing use. Yet it still went on working, carrying coal, until it reached the record of 16 million tons over 14 years of service.

This belt was exposed to sun and ice, Ohio River floods, wet, sharp coal—

every possible condition that would ruin other, ordinary belts. Its BFG patented construction stood them all.

Here is a perfect example of BFG research which is constantly lengthening the life of rubber products, and so reducing their cost to industry. It is the research you benefit by when you call in your B. F. Goodrich distributor.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial and General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

1952

ANNOUNCING THE

PLYMOUTH

new Tone-Tailored interiors

Luxurious new fabrics, finishes and trim.
And tasteful new color-harmonies
that you'll want to see!



brakes still finer!

New Cyclebond linings do away with rivets, add
to effective braking area and lengthen lining life.



fresh new beauty

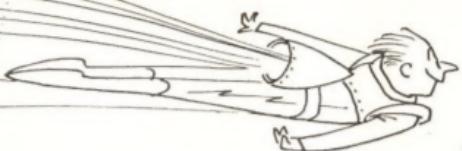
New exterior styling features. An eye-delighting new
array of gleaming colors for you to choose from.



new Follow-Through starting

gives your engine an even better
send-off and extra assurance
of fast starts in all weather.





introducing a new Flow of Power

Newly-designed combustion chamber makes Plymouth's famous high-compression, 97-horsepower engine even smoother and quieter!



the list of Plymouth "Exclusives" grows longer

These and many other new '52 features are added to advantages offered only by Plymouth in the lowest-priced field. Such features as: Safety-Rim Wheels for protection in case of a blowout; natural-posture Chair-Height Seats; constant-action Electric Windshield Wipers; and many others that make Plymouth the "low-priced car most like the high-priced cars."



faster getaway

with Plymouth's easy-shifting positive-action Synchro-Silent Transmission, now quicker, quieter than ever.



PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan
Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

Safety-Flow ride with a still smoother glide

The '52 Plymouth brings you further refinements in the famous Oriflow shock absorbers... and other advances in the sensational Safety-Flow ride.



It's here! You can see it now—the new 1952 Plymouth. We say it's the finest Plymouth ever built. But we'd much rather let the new Plymouth speak its own piece. See it soon. Ask your dealer about the new Solex Safety Glass which reduces glare and heat from the sun. Optional equipment at small additional cost.

NOW AT YOUR PLYMOUTH DEALER'S

NO OTHER HAIR TONIC GIVES YOU KREML'S

"ONE-TWO" ACTION

1
GROOMING
AGENT

2
CONDITIONING
AGENT



Each application of KREML
gives you two distinct actions

1 PROVIDES PERFECT GROOMING — The golden grooming agent controls the hair gently...lets you comb it exactly as you want it, and keeps it that way all day long.

2 CONDITIONS HAIR AND SCALP — The crystal-clear conditioning agent gives the scalp that "waked-up", fresh, stimulated feeling; removes loose dandruff flakes; helps cleanse the scalp.

When shaken, BOTH these agents flow out as one in perfect balance. Each does its job as if separately applied.

That's the secret of the soft, natural, non-greasy attractiveness of Kreml-groomed hair. That's the exclusive Kreml Hair Tonic formula that brings you good looks. Be sure you use Kreml.

Buy . . . **KREML**

LETTERS

The Magical Glass of Chartres

Sir:

I am . . . profoundly happy over the color photographs of the windows of Chartres in TIME's Christmas number . . .

I have been going to Chartres . . . for many years. I knew M. Houvet, the curator, and I know his color reproductions well. Indeed, I think I must know almost all the really good pictures that have ever been made in color of the Chartres windows . . . Mr. Johnson's photographs are, of course, the best color reproductions of the Chartres glass in existence. But it has remained for the editorial direction of TIME to bring the incomparable beauty and interest of this glass into the actual experience of hundreds of thousands of Americans through these color prints, whose perfection is unique and, to repeat, almost unbelievable. The whole country must be grateful to you . . .

KATHERINE WOODS

New York City

Sir:

Congratulations to you on your wonderful cover. It was certainly in the true spirit of Christmas . . .

(FATHER) JAMES KELLER
New York City

Scots, Wha Whey . . .

Sir:

Re your Dec. 24 article, "Piping the Milk": That rumbling sound is my Scottish ancestors turning over in their graves at the inference that Highland bagpipes are "milk-

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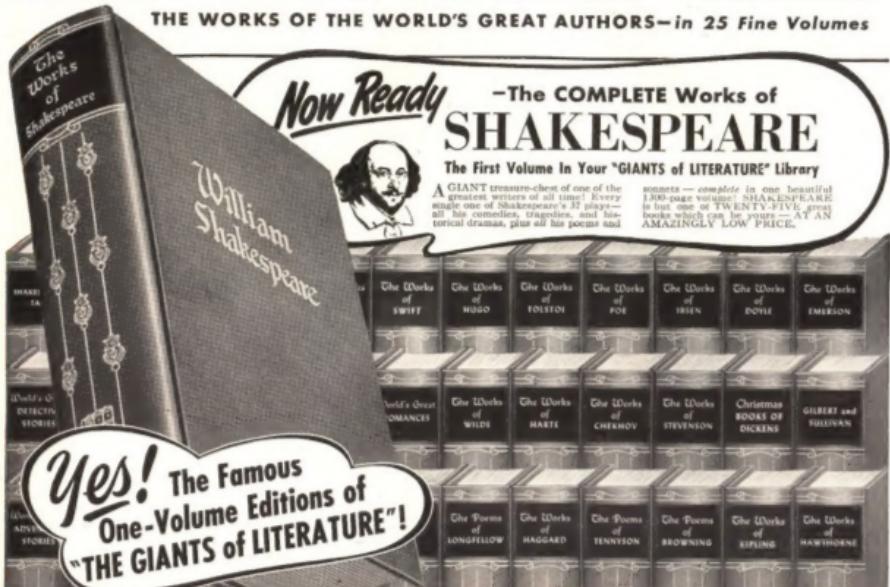
TIME
January 14, 1952

Volume LIX
Number 2

TIME, JANUARY 14, 1952

AMAZING OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE WORKS OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AUTHORS—in 25 Fine Volumes



The Opportunity of a Lifetime to Own Handsome, Luxuriously-Bound Books Which You Will Treasure and Your Friends Will Envy

HERE is your opportunity to own strikingly beautiful volumes of the greatest authors of all time—AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW PRICE.

Picture these magnificent books in your own home. Your family will enjoy reading them. Your friends will admire them and envy you for possessing them. Your children will gain an understanding and appreciation of the great masters at hand. Here are the most celebrated authors in all the world. Twenty-five superb volumes that will bring pleasure and entertainment, thrilling reading ever known. The partial contents that follow give you only an inkling of the treasures they hold:

1. **SHAKESPEARE**'s complete works. (Described as "The Crown of English Literature".)

2. **HUGO**, 36 Complete Works, including *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *A Woman of the Streets*, *The Soul*, etc.

3. **TOLSTOY**, 27 novels, stories; *Anna Karenina*, *Kreutzer Sonata*, *The Cosacks*, *Love and many more*.

4. **POE**, 91 tales, poems, essays, *Annabel Lee*, *The Raven*, *The Gold Bug*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, etc.

5. **IBSEN**, 11. *Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Brand*, *Oslo*, and many others.

6. **CORAN DOYLE**, All the best of Sherlock Holmes—*The Sign of the Four*, *Red-Headed League*, plus many others.

7. **EMERSON**, 112 Essays and Poems, plus *Biographical Studies*, *Conduct of Life*, etc.

8. **WILDE**, 11. *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* and many more, 91 tales, essays and plays in all.

9. **BROWNING**. The best known works of the beloved poet; *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, "Cavalleri Tunes," and others.

10. **STEVENSON**, 39 adventurous novels, stories, poems, *Treasure Island*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Kidnapped*, etc., etc., all complete.

11. **HAWTHORNE**, 21 complete novels and 37 Letters, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *Scarlet Letter*, *House of Seven Gables*, etc.

12. **KIPLING**. Complete novel, *The Light That Failed*, and other exciting stories, 74 great ballads, including *Gunga Din*, *Tommy and the Doctor*, *The Ballad of East-West*, etc.

The other one-volume editions now in preparation are: 13. **DICKENS**; 14. **RIDER HAGGARD**; 15. **JOHN SWIFT**; 16. **EDWARD GRIMSBY DIRECTOR STORIES**; 17. **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**; 18. **LONGFELLOW**; 19. **LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE**; 20. **TENNYSON**; 21. **WORLD'S GREAT ADVENTURE STORIES**; 22. **WORLD'S GREAT ROMANCES**; 23. **BRET HARTE**; 24. **CELLINI**; 25. **CHEKHOV**.

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Send a money order to the READERS' RESERVATION CERTIFICATE. This entitles you to examine the first volume in the "Giants of Literature" Library, *THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE*. If you like it, a copy will be sent to you at once. With it will come a special reader's invoice for \$1.89 as complete payment for this volume, plus a few cents postage. You will then be entitled to get your other volumes on this amazing offer.

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There are no other charges, and you need send no money. Right now, without delay, send in your READERS' RESERVATION CERTIFICATE. No postage is required. First come, first served. DO IT NOW, before you mislay this page.

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1 Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Please reserve in my name the books listed in your general offer to readers of this magazine. Send me at once the first volume in the "Giants of Literature" Library, *THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE*. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; I will send you only \$1.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. I will be pleased to receive each following beautifully-bound volume as it comes from the press, at the same low price, sending no money in advance. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

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(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MAIL RESERVATION FORM NOW! DO NOT PUT IT OFF AND LOSE OUT ON THIS OPPORTUNITY!

The
"BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(*Pityrosporum ovale*)

Don't fool with INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

Start with Listerine Antiseptic...Quick!



A LITTLE normal shedding is natural, but when flakes and scales persist on coat collar, look out! They may mean infectious dandruff. Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When due to germs, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you because it gets after the germs in a jiffy.

Don't fool around with preparations devoid of germ-killing power which merely remove loose dandruff. Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage regularly twice a day . . . the medicinal treatment that has helped so many. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

You simply douse it on the scalp, full strength, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your scalp an antiseptic bath—and kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" germ, (*P. ovale*). This is the

stubborn invader that many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Keep the treatment up regularly: see how quickly the flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how itching is alleviated . . . how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic whenever you wash your hair. Listerine Antiseptic is the fine, time-tested medicine that has served Americans so well for more than sixty years. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

AS A PRECAUTION . . .

AS A TREATMENT FOR . . .

INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

curling." Our baby daughter Linda learned to pat the plump tartan bag on my bagpipes long before she went from mother's milk.

CAPT. CHESTER A. MACNEILL JR.
Champion Bagpiper of Oregon
Portland, Ore.

Sir: . . . Let the maternal milk of lesser races be curdled. From Scottish lactation—enriched, enraptured and enkindled by the noble strains of the pipes—have sprung Bruce, Wallace, Burns and all the lengthy line of heroes, inventors, writers, settlers, engineers and surgeons who are only part of Scotland's glory.

I shall have the honor, sir, to meet you with drawn claymore, sir, behind the auld kirk at dawn. To paraphrase the Scottish national motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

JOHN HENDERSON

Niagara Falls, N.Y.

¶ The original motto of Scotland's Order of the Thistle is: *Nemo me impune lacessit* (No man provokes me with impunity). Rough translation of Reader Henderson's paraphrase: "No one may milk me without paying the piper." —ED.

Miss Bankhead Objects

Sir:

With characteristic bad taste, TIME (Dec. 24) compounds and inflates all the vicious innuendo of defense counsel under the heading "Trial by Stage Whisper" [a report of the trial of Tallulah Bankhead's ex-maid, for kiting checks]. Said TIME: "The defense attorney had complained bitterly that there were 'two trials going on in this courtroom.'" Since TIME brazenly endorsed that fiction it should have added . . . that it was conducting a third trial, with me as its target.

In stating that "theatregoers who watched fully expected her (Bankhead) to pull a small, pearl-handled revolver from her handbag and . . . shoot both counsel and defendant" and "if (a judicial system) didn't put her on the stand, it was probably in imminent danger of an attack with a screwdriver, too," TIME's writer hit a new high in vilification, made the efforts of defense counsel sound like the drooling of the veriest novice.

I was the complainant, not the defendant, which will come as a great surprise to the unfortunates who have been gulled into the belief that TIME prints news . . .

TALLULAH BANKHEAD
New York City

¶ TIME, reporting the news of an unusual trial, tried to make it plain that Actress Bankhead was able to rise above the dull limitations of the law, and dominate the scene with a characteristically dramatic performance. Miss Bankhead apparently mistook TIME's awed applause for a Bronx cheer.—ED.

Sir:

I'm sorry Tallulah Bankhead received so much unjust publicity in fighting a would-be blackmailer. She has done what any other citizen should do . . .

(S. Sgt.) CHARLES W. HUGHES
Travis A.F.B., Calif.

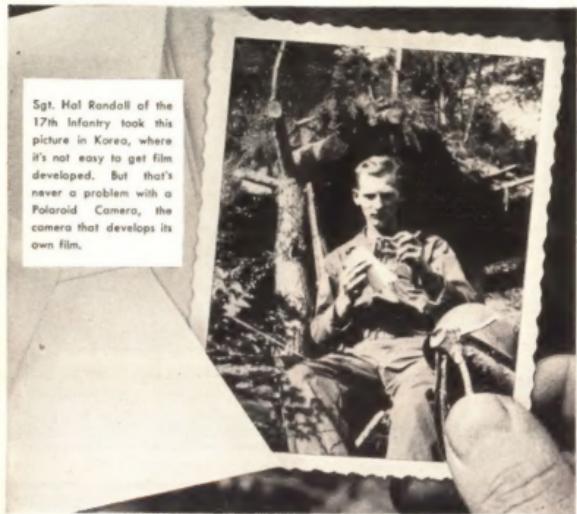
How to Clean Telescopes, etc.

Sir:

I was delighted to read your Dec. 24 article on Johns Hopkins' Robert Williams Wood. It gives me the opportunity to air a slight but persistent gripe concerning all things, the current Ethyl gasoline advertisements, carried by some pretty estimable magazines: "There's a big difference between *holly* and *polly*,"

TIME, JANUARY 14, 1952

This picture was ready for mailing 60 seconds after it was snapped



Sgt. Hal Randall of the 17th Infantry took this picture in Korea, where it's not easy to get film developed. But that's never a problem with a Polaroid Camera, the camera that develops its own film.

Wherever you may be — on vacation, cruising, camping, you'll have a brilliant finished print 60 seconds after you snap the shutter of your Polaroid *Land* Camera.

Whatever the occasion — a party, an outing, a family gathering — your Polaroid Camera will delight the crowd, because you can take pictures and show them when everybody is most eager to see them.

Whenever you take a picture with your Polaroid Camera, you'll have a second chance if you're not perfectly satisfied. You see results on the spot; you can change the pose, the lighting, the camera angle and shoot again . . . to get the perfect portrait, the lovely landscape you want.

Expert or beginner, you'll like the simplicity of this fine camera. Easy drop-in loading; a single dial sets lens and shutter; easy to remove the big $3\frac{3}{4}'' \times 4\frac{1}{4}''$ black and white print.

Try it! Your photo dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration. You'll wonder why you ever waited to see your finished pictures . . . and to own the world's most exciting camera.

BRILLIANT BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS — IN 60 SECONDS

POLAROID[®] *Land* CAMERA

Polaroid[®] by Polaroid Corporation

TIME, JANUARY 14, 1952

The Camera of a Thousand Business Uses



Every day brings reports of business jobs done faster and better with 60-second photography. Examples:

TO COPY DOCUMENTS, letters, drawings, etc., the camera used with the Polaroid Copymaker turns out finished photos in one minute. Simple, self-contained unit that anyone can operate.



SAFETY ENGINEERS take Polaroid pictures of hazardous situations during plant inspections. Photos are ready right away for discussions with foremen and for worker education in safety.



NEWSPAPERS everywhere now produce news photos as swiftly as biggest city dailies. (Polaroid film-holding back now available for use with press cameras.) Photos reproduce beautifully up to three columns or larger.



PHOTOMICROGRAPHS are now made by laboratories in a matter of minutes with a Polaroid Camera mounted with any make of microscope on the Cenco-Polaroid Micrography Camera Support.

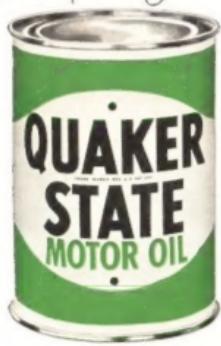


For complete information about the many business applications of Polaroid picture-in-a-minute photography, write to Polaroid Corp., Dept. T-22, Cambridge 39, Mass.



On the highways of New Hampshire as . . .

In every state
it's Quaker State
for quality!



ALL ACROSS AMERICA car owners protect engines with Quaker State Cold-Test Motor Oil. This winter-tailored motor oil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. It is, we believe, the finest in the world. *If the manufacturer of your car recommends Heavy Duty Oil with emergency, ask for Quaker State HD Oil.*

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

etc. This is a direct steal from Professor Wood's charming (and far cleverer) . . . *The Antelope's* . . . *The Cantelope*:

*If you will tap the Cantelope
repeatedly on the ground,
It will not move, but just emit
a mellow-choly sound.
But if you try this method on
the antlered antelope,
His departure will convince you
that he is a mis-an-thrope.*

By the way, I hope the anecdote about Professor Wood's cleaning out a telescope is not apocryphal. His method: send through a white cat.

(MRS.) LOUISE M. HIEATT
Stamford, Conn.

Where is Hollywood?

Sir:

It burns me up to constantly read in national papers and magazines every time a movie star gets into trouble, that it was in Hollywood. The Wanger-Lang shooting happened in Beverly Hills, which is a separate city from Hollywood . . . It hurts to see every reporter use Hollywood as the location for any sordid happening . . .

ROBERT H. ATWELL

Hollywood

Sir:

. . . Hollywood is no small town by any means. It is the headquarters of an industry which has brought about the greatest change in the field of entertainment since the time of chariot racing . . .

STEVE SMITH

Hollywood

. . . Let us all protest Hollywood's attempt to portray itself as merely a reproduction of "Main Street anywhere." This, if nothing else, should incite the mass uprising of every Main Street everywhere to press charges of slander against the most powerful nest of veneer-covered, mental-garbage-disposal-dump ever invented by mankind.

R. SWAIN

Los Angeles

Manhattan Dollar

Sir:

Your Dec. 17 account of the proposal of the name shake for a unit of time equal to one-hundredth microsecond was interesting, but tended to leave the impression that such minute intervals are a very recent phenomenon in physics . . . During the war, in order to avoid using the somewhat revealing word "microsecond" in telephone conversations, it was dubbed the "dollar" in one section of the Manhattan project, so that what is now a shake became a "penny." The "jiffy" has been used for one ten-thousandth of a shake and probably for other short intervals.

The shortest time that physicists are likely to mention nowadays is a ten-thousandth of a millionth of a millionth of a second (10^{-10} sec.), which is about the time it takes a photon (corpuscle of light) to traverse the diameter of an atomic nucleus, but there seems little prospect of ever being able to measure it.

The term millimicrosecond is in common use to denote one-tenth of a shake, but a more descriptive name was suggested by Dr. J. W. Keuffel (then a student at CalTech). Since this is the time the time taken by light to travel twelve inches, he proposed that it be called the "light-foot" or analogy with the common astronomical unit, the "light-year" which is, of course, a measure of distance and not of time.

CONWAY W. SNYDER
Senior Physicist

Oak Ridge National Laboratory
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

*Superb Cabinetry
to delight
the most critical eye*



*the magnificent
Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph*

Better sight... better sound... better buy



New for
'52—
Packard's
EASAMATIC
power brakes
take 29%
less time to
apply!

Packard

Ask The Man
Who Owns One

...and then

she got a

Hamilton

automatic

Clothes Dryer



* Exclusive Hamilton Features: "Carrier Current" Drying cradles clothes in warm air • Hi-Power Exhaust System controls condensation and linting problems • Sun-E-Day Ultra-Violet Lamp makes clothes fresher, sweeter • Hamilton Lint Control, twice as efficient, far easier to clean.



Set the two simple dials of a Hamilton Dryer and washday's over! In any weather! All you do is take out the clothes—ready to iron or put away. Isn't it time *you* got a Hamilton? The original automatic clothes dryer . . . now more wonderful than ever.*

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN

Please send me FREE your 100 page Home Maker's Manual, prepared by leading national magazine editors.

Name _____
Address _____

A TIMELY MESSAGE TO *American Industry*

From **JUSTIN R. WHITING** Chairman of the Board
CONSUMERS POWER COMPANY

Look at the map below and you will see the outline of Michigan's Lower Peninsula.

The shaded portion shows where Consumers Power Company supplies electric service, gas service, or both. It's an area of 28,500 square miles, larger than Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island combined.

Why does this area stand out as an industrial location? Generally, because Outstate Michigan is a good place in which to work, live or establish a factory. It appeals to management and workers alike. Consumers Power Company has been telling this story in national publications for the past two years.

Another basic reason is that "Nothing succeeds like success." If you locate your new plant anywhere in this area, you will be neighbor to many of America's most famous and successful enterprises. We have been telling you about some of them during the past 12 months.

There are many other reasons why the location and atmosphere of Outstate Michigan are favorable to the development of industry. In our advertising during 1952 we will present some of these reasons.

We invite your attention to these advertisements. We also invite you to call on us for whatever information you wish about Outstate Michigan. A telephone call, a telegram or a letter will receive immediate attention.

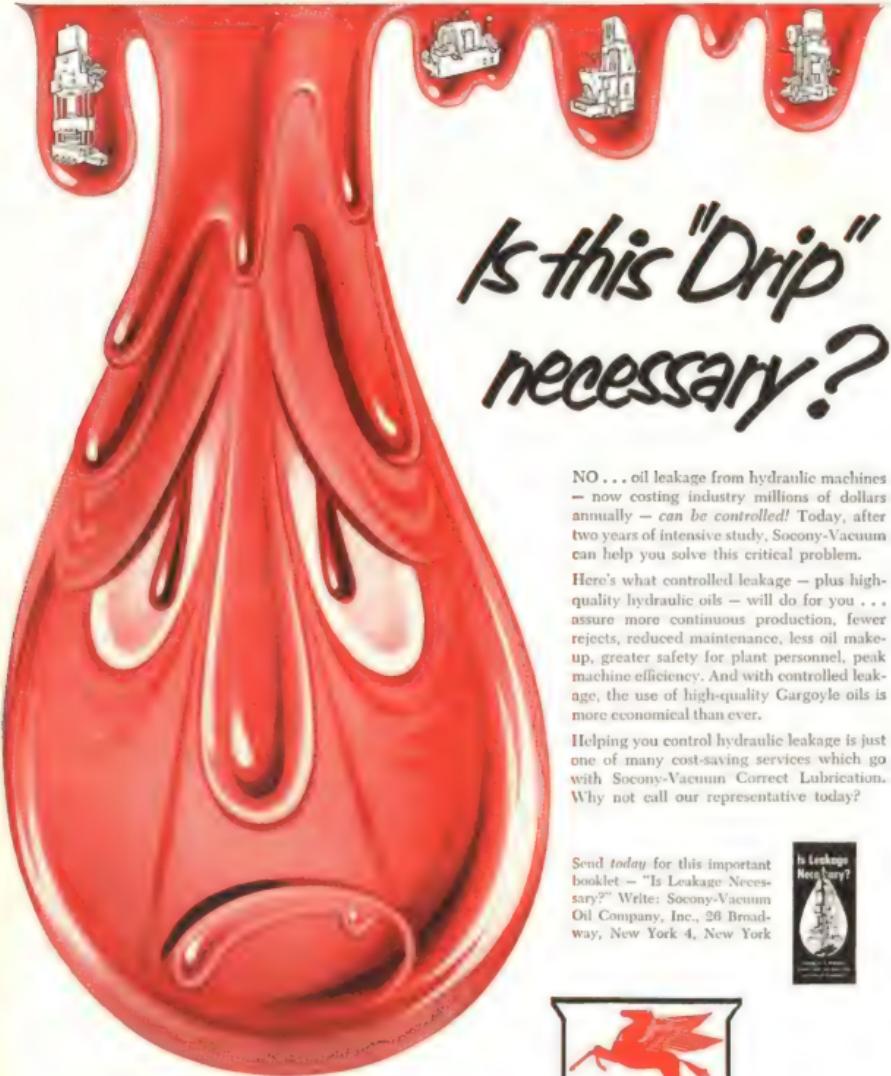
Consumers Power Company supplies electric service in much of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan and natural gas service in a large part of it. In this service area are hundreds of outstanding cities and villages ranging in size from a few families to almost 200,000 persons. Industry, farming and recreation are well balanced in Outstate Michigan.

N-25-T

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT DEPT.

CONSUMERS POWER COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Black areas on map shows
territory served by
Consumers Power Company



Is this "Drip" necessary?

NO . . . oil leakage from hydraulic machines — now costing industry millions of dollars annually — *can be controlled!* Today, after two years of intensive study, Socony-Vacuum can help you solve this critical problem.

Here's what controlled leakage — plus high-quality hydraulic oils — will do for you . . . assure more continuous production, fewer rejects, reduced maintenance, less oil make-up, greater safety for plant personnel, peak machine efficiency. And with controlled leakage, the use of high-quality Gargoyle oils is more economical than ever.

Helping you control hydraulic leakage is just one of many cost-saving services which go with Socony-Vacuum Correct Lubrication. Why not call our representative today?

Send *today* for this important booklet — "Is Leakage Necessary?" Write: Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc., 28 Broadway, New York 4, New York



SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

and Affiliates

MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO.

GENERAL PETROLEUM CORP.

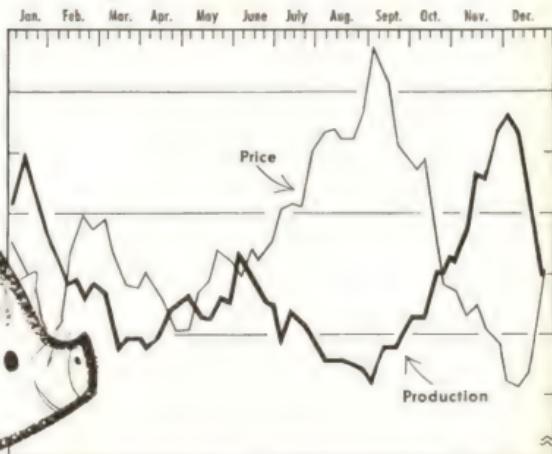
SOCONY-VACUUM

CORRECT LUBRICATION

WORLD'S GREATEST LUBRICATION KNOWLEDGE AND ENGINEERING SERVICE

WHAT LAW

Makes Pork Cost Less in December Than It Does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49, which the government is now using as the index-base period.

The good old law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend the summer and early fall growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens that happens with any other perishable commodity (strawberries

or eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

That chart at the top shows how the cycle goes. *More pork—lower prices* through the winter months; *less pork—higher prices* through the summer.

But summertime is always the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago

Members throughout the U.S.



Not-so-secret
weapon...

ONE of the most valuable defense weapons this country has is known to all the world. It's the biggest and most dependable telephone network on earth!—ready day and night to carry the calls that speed production and coordinate defense.

That didn't just happen. It's the result of constant teamwork between Bell Laboratories people who *design* telephone equipment, Western Electric people who *make* it and Bell Telephone people who *operate* it.

In Western Electric's regular job as manufacturing unit of the Bell System, we've gained a wealth of specialized experience which is also being applied to making military communications and electronic equipment needed by the Armed Forces.

Western Electric



MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

POLITICS

Ike's Answer

Dwight Eisenhower, while keeping carefully to the letter and spirit of his soldierly duty, this week cleared up three points that will be of importance to the U.S. in the fateful year 1952: 1) he is a Republican; 2) he will not make a pre-convention campaign for the Republican presidential nomination; 3) he will accept the nomination if it is offered to him.

Two minutes before noon on Sunday, Massachusetts Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., manager of the Eisenhower campaign, walked into a packed press conference at Washington's Shoreham Hotel. Smiling across a paper-littered table at 150-odd newsmen and photographers, Manager Lodge began:

"I have asked Governor Sherman Adams of New Hampshire to enter General Eisenhower as a candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket in the New Hampshire primary. I have assured Governor Adams that General Eisenhower is in to the finish. General Eisenhower has personally assured me that he is a Republican . . . I invite you to check this in Paris . . . I am speaking for the general and I will not be repudiated."

Lodge quoted from his letter to Governor Adams: "It is worth noting that in our conversations with General Eisenhower he pointed out that he would never seek public office but would consider a call to political service by the will of the party and the people to be the highest form of duty."

Campaign Regulations. How does Lodge know that Ike is a Republican? Lodge answered that Eisenhower had told him, before he left for Europe, "that his political convictions coincided with enlightened Republican doctrine and that the family tradition was Republican . . . He specifically said that his voting record was that of a Republican."

Lodge told the reporters, as he had told Governor Adams, that Eisenhower's candidacy, for the moment, must stay "strictly within Army regulations," which means that as long as Ike is under military orders he will not actively or indirectly campaign in New Hampshire or anywhere else.

Asked one newsmen: Is Ike "officially" a candidate? Said Lodge: "I don't know quite what you mean. He isn't like a candidate for Boston alderman." Then he added: "I know he is not running in the New Hampshire primary just for the ex-



Acme

CANDIDATE EISENHOWER
He recognized a transcendent duty.

ercise." After Lodge kept suggesting that they check with Ike to substantiate his statements, one reporter objected: "What if we don't get an answer in Paris?" Ex-Newspaperman Lodge laughed. "You've got a story either way," he said.

When U.S. correspondents in Paris checked SHAPE for Eisenhower's reaction, all they got at first was a comment from SHAPE press officers. A public relations colonel, told about Lodge's conference, snapped: "So what?" But later Sunday night, Brigadier General Charles T. Lanham, SHAPE public information officer, said that there might be some comment on Monday. Said another officer close to Eisenhower: "Sometimes silence is more eloquent than any statement."

Early Monday morning, Ike carefully read U.S. press reports of Lodge's conference. In between his regular SHAPE appointments, he started working with four close Army advisers on a statement. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon Ike and his officers had finished polishing it. It was just one year to the day since he had taken up his SHAPE command.

A Clear-Cut Call. Said Dwight David Eisenhower: "Senator Lodge's announcement of yesterday, as reported in the press, gives an accurate account of the general tenor of my political convictions and of my Republican voting record. He was correct also in stating that I would not seek nomination to political office . . . My convictions in this regard have been reinforced by the character and importance of the duty with which I was charged more than a year ago . . ."

"Under no circumstances will I ask for relief from this assignment in order to seek nomination to political office and I shall not participate in the pre-convention activities of others who may have such an intention with respect to me."

"Of course there is no question of the right of American citizens to organize in pursuit of their common convictions. I realize that Senator Lodge and his associates are exercising this right in an attempt to place before me next July a duty that would transcend my present responsibility. In the absence, however, of a clear-cut call to political duty, I shall continue to devote my full attention . . . to the task to which I am assigned."

The words had all the caution of a man making the most important personal decision of his life. They also adhered closely to the lines of the principle involved: there is no bar in law, tradition or good practice against a military man's accepting public office; there is a bar against men on active duty campaigning for public office. Ike's course was dictated by the position in which he was placed by his service to his country.

With this announcement, Dwight Eisenhower at last publicly gave his supporters in the U.S. the green light, in language which breathed a dignity and a sense of public trust.

The Boom

As the word from Paris headlined its way around the country, the Eisenhower boom grew with it.

Some newspapers lined up with Ike the night of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's announcement. One of them was the usually slow-moving *New York Times*, which had backed a Democratic candidate in three of the last five elections (Roosevelt in 1932, 1936, 1944). Noting that other newspapers and magazines had recently declared for Eisenhower, the *Times* editorialized: "This widespread faith in General Eisenhower's fitness to be President



Associated Press

PRESIDENT & PRIME MINISTER
Behind closed doors, the "friendliest basis."

is deeply sincere and wholly spontaneous . . . We are confident that he would use the great power of the United States bravely, but with a sober sense of values . . . If Dwight Eisenhower should be nominated by the Republican Party . . . we shall support him enthusiastically."

Echoed the Fair Dealing Chicago *Times*: "Eisenhower, of all Americans, can best bring unity to this country and the free world."

Ike's supporters were crowing. Said Pennsylvania's Senator Jim Duff: "A complete confirmation of what his supporters have been saying all along . . . This is a clear-cut declaration that he will not let you down." In Kansas, two more newspapers declared for Ike editorially. St. Louis Republicans promptly announced an immediate opening of their Eisenhower-for-President headquarters.

Senator John Bricker, a Taft man, conceded that the statement "has settled the fact that Eisenhower is a Republican." Candidate Taft himself declared his belief that Eisenhower "is not and will not be a candidate, although he would accept a draft for the nomination."

Overseas, Western Europeans were sorry at the thought of Ike's possible departure, but obviously enthusiastic at the thought of a good friend in the White House. Wrote the London *News Chronicle*, ". . . Nothing could be better from an international point of view than that he should go forward logically into the next phase of a rich life and a rewarding career." Russia's Andrei Vishinsky said: "Let him run; I have no objection."

In Ike's home town of Abilene, Kans., his fellow townsmen were jubilant but dignified. Said Publisher Henry B. Jameson, an early Eisenhower backer: "The people of Abilene are not excited by nature, but there is some excitement here."

FOREIGN RELATIONS An Intimate Understanding

The old man puffed into sight like a venerable battlewagon steaming up over the horizon. First a smudge of smoke, then the long cigar, then the familiar, stoop-shouldered hulk that a generation had come to know as the silhouette of greatness. Prime Minister Winston Churchill scowled as he emerged from the *Queen Mary*, took a firm grip on the rope handrail and eased himself across a gangplank to the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Navesink* in New York Harbor. Once safely on board the cutter, he politely doffed his hat* to official U.S. meeters & greeters.

"I have come not to make all kinds of agreements and arrangements or to interchange all kinds of diplomatic documents," he growled into microphones half an hour later at the Army port of embarkation in Brooklyn. "Don't expect too much . . . I am here not to get things settled so much as to establish a close, intimate understanding between the heads of government on both sides of the ocean."

Two Homburs. In Washington, Harry Truman, holding his grey Stetson in hand, reached out in warm greeting as Churchill stepped out of the presidential *Independence* after a flight from New York. It was the first time Truman, 67,

and Churchill, 77, had met as heads of government since the Potsdam Conference in July 1945. Close behind the Prime Minister came his heir-apparent in the Conservative Party, Homburged, mustached Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, who soon was chatting with Homburged, mustached Secretary of State Dean Acheson. After introductions and speeches, Churchill and Truman climbed into the President's Lincoln (the P.M. cracked his hat on the low top) and drove off to begin their round of luncheons, banquets and conferences.

Progress reports from behind the closed doors emphasized that everything was "on the friendliest basis." But nobody expected, or hoped for, any big decisions like those that came out of the close intimacy of Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt. Harry Truman, painfully aware that he wasn't Roosevelt, had learned that he was no man to map U.S. diplomacy on the back of an envelope. Through most of the conferences he kept Dean Acheson close at hand. (During World War II Churchill hardly ever met Secretary of State Cordell Hull.) Nor was Churchill as sturdy as before: more & more he relied on Eden to catch what Churchill's ears missed and to recall details that his mind forgot. On Churchill's first night in the capital, he sat down for a private, personal, after-dinner talk with Truman on the presidential yacht *Williamsburg*. Fifteen minutes later Truman was for Acheson, and Churchill for Eden.

Lost Touch. The problems themselves (TIME, Jan. 7) were grown far beyond any swashbuckling decisions. There were the pressing new threats of Communist aggression, such as the stepped-up Red Chinese pressure on Southeast Asia (and particularly on Malaya, Britain's guerrilla-besieged tin and rubber reservoir). There were differences in tactics of foreign poli-



Packer—N.Y. Daily Mirror
"ANOTHER GALLANT SKIPPER!"
The hulk was familiar.

icy, ranging from how to handle the Middle East to Churchill's predilection for a Big Three conference with Truman and Stalin (which the U.S. opposes). There were Churchill's doubts about General Eisenhower's international army. But above all else was the fact that, in the time of her own financial and foreign-affairs crises, Britain had somehow lost touch with the U.S.

It was this touch that Winston Churchill was best qualified to restore, and he would get his supreme chance not in the secret conferences but in his address to a joint session of Congress next week. The old man was a fighter for liberty, and would be until his last breath. On that point, at least, there was already an intimate understanding between Britain and the U.S.

THE NATION

The New Plan for Korea

The U.S. Government, for the first time since the Chinese Reds attacked 14 months ago, has finally figured out what it is going to do about the Korean war. The new policy has been approved, tentatively and "in principle" by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the National Security Council, of which the President and the Secretary of State are members. The policy may be abandoned later. It may not survive the opposition of Allied governments, with which it is now being discussed. But as of now, this is the plan: ¶ Whatever the Communists do, the U.S. will not be drawn into a resumption of the struggle on the Korean peninsula, which is not a good place for the U.S. to fight. Therefore the U.S. will be able to reduce greatly its present forces in Korea.

¶ If the Reds sign a truce and then break it with another offensive in Korea, the U.S. will not confine its resistance to Korea or even concentrate on Korea. Instead, it will blockade the coast of China and attack Chinese coastal cities by air.

¶ If the Reds do not sign a truce and do attempt to resume offensive war in Korea (either in the air, or on the ground, or both), the main U.S. reply will come not in Korea but by air-sea attack on the Chinese coastal cities.

How to Limit a War. This does not mean a threat of "unlimited war" with Red China. The limits of the present war are set by the enemy and are to his advantage. Under the new Washington plan, the U.S. would set the limits to its advantage.

As Douglas MacArthur pointed out, before he was fired for advocating an air-sea campaign against Red China, there is not much that China's Communist government could do to resist or retaliate against such a war. The U.S.S.R. could come to the aid of its Chinese allies, but in doing so would risk all-out atomic war. Washington, long caught in the fallacy that the U.S.S.R. can be provoked into a war she does not want, has belatedly faced this risk and decided it is not great, if it exists at all.

For the first time in 14 months, the policy shapes a way in which the U.S. can win its war with Red China. "Win" in this limited sense means that it might force Red China to desist from aggression by hitting the Chinese where it hurts most, instead of in Korea, where it hurts least.

The U.S. decision puts an entirely different light on the truce talks. Before the new policy, the U.S. had little prospect of ending the Korean war in any way favorable to U.S. interests. Even if the Reds signed the truce and thereafter stayed quiet, the whole U.N. force would be tied up in the Korean area to defend and police the agreement. Under the new policy, the U.N. can walk away from the Korean

ARMED FORCES Battle of the Budget

The fight between the President and the Pentagon over the next defense budget ended last week. Truman stood firm for his reduced budget, then made a final concession by adding on \$4 billion. And so, after long argument, Defense Secretary Robert Lovett settled for about \$39 billion, \$10 billion less than the armed services considered necessary to support the planned rate of U.S. defense buildup.

The Navy gets \$13 billion plus, the Army \$14 billion plus. The Air Force, which is allotted \$21 billion, took the biggest cut; they had asked \$29 billion. That \$8-billion-dollar difference will be chiefly



Associated Press

BRITAIN'S EDEN & U.S.'S ACHESON
After 15 minutes, a foursome.

truce line, saying over its shoulder: "Violate it, and the war will be brought to you."

How to Defend a Line. Since the truce talks began, the U.N. has spent 30,000 casualties in U.S. troops alone in trying to fight its way through Bloody Ridge, the Punch Bowl, Heartbreak Ridge and the rest. Its goal was a defensible line on which to rest the truce. If the Administration had adopted the new policy in June, it might have saved the subsequent casualties. It could have accepted a truce at the "indefensible" 38th parallel, and defended that with a threat to open up on the China coast.

The "new thinking," of course, is not new. MacArthur and many others proposed it months ago. Indeed, no other practical and honorable way out of the Korean war has ever been suggested. The "new thinking" is merely new in the sense that Washington top officialdom has now agreed on it.

If Washington sticks to the new policy, the Korean war, in its old hopeless, heart-breaking form, is over.

reflected in the time of maximum U.S. readiness, which is supposed to coincide with "the year of maximum exposure," fixed by Truman's planners as 1954.*

Expansion of the Air Force was following a schedule that would give it 126 combat wings, mostly jets of the latest obtainable types (plus 17 support wings), by the end of 1954. Under last week's Truman cuts, the Air Force now will not get to this goal until 1956. (It may have 126 combat wings in 1954, but they will include planes of obsolescent types, some of which have had heavy losses in combat with Russian-made jets in Korea.)

In slowing down the pace, Truman did

* When the Joint Chiefs of Staff last year tried to determine "the year of maximum exposure," they asked intelligence agencies for estimates. Every one gave the same answer: 1952. If the Joint Chiefs had accepted this estimate, the only logical course would have been to call for all-out mobilization immediately. The Chiefs regarded such a course as unrealistic, and decided that, for the time being, 1954 would be "the year of maximum exposure"—no matter what the intentions of the Russians.

not seriously argue that the world situation had eased or that the U.S. economy could not stand the strain. He left the impression that he was simply cutting expenditures in an election year.

THE CONGRESS

Urgent Business Ahead

U.S. Senators and Representatives trekked back into Washington this week for the second session of the 82nd Congress. They hope it will be short, so they can get at 1952's urgent business—campaigning. Investigations, foreign aid and the defense budget are the main subjects on the agenda. All seem agreed on one big point: no increase in taxes.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Troubleshooter's Exit

For more than six years, W. Stuart Symington has been a tireless troubleshooter for Harry Truman. He has handled four mettle-testing Washington assignments since Truman brought him in from St. Louis in 1945 as Surplus Property Administrator. Last week, with a casual shrug of the shoulders, Truman dropped the word that he will accept Symington's resignation some time this month. Truman didn't seem to care.

Industrialist (Emerson Electric Co.) Symington has never been a Truman yes man. As the first Air Secretary, he fought the Army, the Navy and the President, insisting on a 70-group Air Force.

Symington went on to head the National Security Resources Board. That made him a member of the National Security Council, where he argued for a more active U.S. policy in opposing Communist aggression.

Last spring, when the odor of influence-peddling and political loans in the RFC finally penetrated Truman's nostrils, he called Battler Symington in as the cleanup man. Symington fired employees who had become entangled in the influence web, and opened loan files to public scrutiny. When he decided that the world's tin producers were gouging the U.S., he slashed the price the RFC would pay for tin. This brought cries of anguish from Bolivia, and got Symington into an argument with the State Department. Now that Symington is leaving, the Bolivians hope to win the argument (see *THE HEMISPHERE*).

Stu Symington's battles were accompanied by disappointments. He hoped to be named Secretary of Defense, later aimed at the top mobilization job, which went to Charlie Wilson. After the Truman shrug last week, Symington said: "A man . . . ought to go back to private life some time and regain his perspective; he ought to get out of Washington and get his feet on the ground again."

This week, Harry Truman formally accepted Symington's resignation and named his successor: Harry A. McDonald, chairman of the Securities & Exchange Commission, former Detroit investment banker, a Republican.

Howard's Happy Day

Grinding the end of a cigar in his teeth, the Attorney General trudged into the White House one morning last week for a Cabinet meeting. The look on Howard McGrath's Irish face was as dark as his derby. Reporters had just one question: Was he resigning? "That question is almost as important as what's going to happen in the Democratic Convention next summer," said McGrath wryly.

In November, Harry Truman had fired one of McGrath's top assistants, Theron Lamar Caudle, the influence-peddler's buddy, without asking the advice of the Attorney General. Around the White House, there was talk that a vigilant Attorney General would have caught some of the wrongdoers before congressional committees got the scent. Last week Truman began casting around for a new At-



ATTORNEY GENERAL MCGRATH
Things are not always what they seem.

torney General. His patronage assistant, Donald Dawson, sounded out Justin Miller, chairman of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, former federal judge, one-time dean of Duke University law school. This activity was reported on the nation's front pages. That was the setting for Howard McGrath's walk-on at the Cabinet meeting.

Ninety-five minutes after he plodded into the White House, Attorney General McGrath pranced out, a changed man. "Things are not always what they seem on the surface," he sang out, grinning. "No change in my status is contemplated."

At the Cabinet meeting, Harry Truman had assured all that "Howard" was staying on. One lively theory was that McGrath owed his job to the front-page stories which had reported that he would soon be out. Harry Truman, a stubborn man, has always resented advance newspaper notices of his hirings and firings.

THE ATOM

The Masked Marvel

(See Cover)

Never did so many trust so few so blindly as the people of the U.S. and the rest of the free world trust the members of the Atomic Energy Commission.

These almost unknown men are responsible for making the weapon that holds in check all-out Communist aggression. They spend billions of public funds, tie up a good part of U.S. scientific and business brains, and operate an industrial empire that may be the pioneer of a new technological era. The AEC controls a land area half again as big as Delaware—and is growing more rapidly than any great U.S. business ever did. Its investment in plant and equipment (\$2,174,000,000) makes it bigger than General Motors Corp. At the end of its present expansion program, it will be bigger than U.S. Steel Corp. and General Motors combined. AEC will soon ask for (and probably get) another \$6 billion. When this chunk of money is spent on new, strange, secret and dangerous equipment, the AEC will be bigger than the Bell Telephone System, now the largest business organization in the U.S.

What does this monstrous five-year-old do with its flooding billions? Does it spend them wisely and honestly? How efficient are its plants? How good are its newest bombs? How alive are its fabulous secret laboratories, on which the future safety of the U.S. largely depends?

In all other cases, such vitally important questions would be asked and answered continuously: in speeches, reports, official investigations and persistent probing by the press. Not so in the case of the AEC. All definite figures about its performance—from laboratories and uranium mines to finished atom bombs—are beyond the reach of the public. The men who possess the facts are forbidden on pain of death (Atomic Energy Act of 1946) to communicate them. For all the taxpayer knows, the AEC may be dropping his money down a bottomless hole.

There is no way around this situation. The fantastic secrecy is all the more fantastic because it is absolutely necessary. Anyone disposed to argue that point has been answered by Klaus Fuchs and his fellow atomic spies. Information given by them to the Russians probably saved months of research and effort on the part of the Kremlin's scientists.

What Can Be Seen. Only a few parts of the vast, weird underground world of atomic research and production stick up above the surface and can be reported.

In front of the white limestone building at No. 1901 Constitution Avenue, in Washington, stands a semi-cylindrical mirror. Guards sitting at ease inside the door can stare at its coldly gleaming curve and watch the whole face of the building without leaving cover. Along the building's window ledges run beams of infra-red light, each hatched to an alarm system. The windows themselves are intricately

wired, and hidden wires thread through walls and partitions. No visitor is admitted to this stronghold except for a very good reason, and once a visitor is inside, he is watched and escorted continuously, even when he goes to the toilet.

No. 1901 Constitution Avenue is HQ of the AEC, headed by Gordon Dean, a 46-year-old lawyer (*see box*). No scientist. Dean was teaching law and running his 44-acre fruit ranch in California in 1949 when he was called to serve as a member of the commission under David Lilienthal, its first chairman.

Since then, AEC's activities have mushroomed. Latest expansion is the Savannah River Plant in South Carolina, which will cost \$1,250,000,000. The engineers who are building it believe it is the greatest construction project in world history: bigger than the Panama Canal or the Great Wall of China. The contrast between the quiet of 1901 Constitution Avenue and the spectacular activity along the Savannah hits any visitor's eye.

47,000 Workers. On the highway southeast of Augusta, Ga., houses are being towed by truck out of the 375 square miles of rundown farmland that must be depopulated. Near the perimeter of the project, 22 miles across, are woods full of trailers. Already there are more than 21,000 workers on the project, and the labor force is expected to peak at 47,000.

Inside the perimeter is vast, antlike turmoil. Old roads are swallowed up overnight; new roads are unrolled. Gigantic machines gnaw through the hills, leaving wounds of bright red earth. Brooks flow no more; they disappear into pipes. "Here's how they build a road in there," said a numbered South Carolinian. "First come bulldozers tearing up the ground. Then come more machines smoothing it down again. Then comes the tar; then come the rollers. It all moves at a good smart pace. Behind comes a little man walking along, painting a white line."

The temporary "construction shacks" are two strange buildings shaped like asterisks. Around them fields are covered with stacked pipe and piled lumber. Widely dispersed among the gentle hills are enormous, bright-red gashes with concrete-mixing machines standing over them on towers. Around each machine is spread its handwork: vast footings and foundations. Some are a quarter-mile long; some look massive enough to serve as the roots of mountains.

There is a strong presumption that the reactors at the Savannah River Plant will use heavy water instead of graphite as a "moderator." They are designed for flexibility: "They will make materials for A-bombs (plutonium) and H-bombs (tritium) as well as other useful products." What these "others" may be has not even been hinted.

The great plant at Oak Ridge, Tenn., which separates Uranium 235 from natural uranium, is still going strong as in wartime. In fact, it is going stronger. The process has been improved so much that the plant's executives smile smugly about

it. A new building, added to the three old ones, has a roof area as big as 16 football fields. Production is being expanded still more at a cost of \$200 million.

Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Co., which runs the plant for the AEC, says that total employment is now about 4,800. This big drop from the wartime peak of 12,000 represents more automatic machinery, not decreased production. Few of the 4,800 workers are actually inside the production plants themselves. The buildings have four floors, each packed with roaring motors and screaming gas pumps. Some workers pedal on bicycles through the earsplitting loneliness. In the whole enormous plant, which runs continuously, there are only 370 men per shift, including the guards and the laboratory staff.

Radiation-Proof Robots. The Hanford plutonium plant at Richland, Wash., is even lonelier. The great reactors them-

Most secret and romantic of all the AEC's plants is that at Los Alamos, operated by the University of California, 35 miles from Santa Fe, N. Mex. From the air it looks rather impressive, set on the brink of a cliff in an almost uninhabited wilderness; but from the ground it looks like a suburban shopping center that has grown too fast. No one would guess from looking at the faces of its 12,500 inhabitants that in the forbidden "technical area" across a deep gully, the most fearful weapons in the world are being designed.

The weapons work done at Los Alamos is so secret that even a general description is hard to get. A nuclear explosive cannot be tested on small scale, and since full-scale explosions are costly and dangerous, Los Alamos is forced to figure out on paper the effect of every change of design. Some parts of this job demand long campaigns and elaborate equipment.



"CONSTRUCTION SHACKS" AT SAVANNAH RIVER PLANT
Asterisks in an ont hill.

selves are virtually uninhabited. Nothing about them moves; nothing changes visibly. A good part of the Columbia River flows through the cooling ducts, but its passage makes almost no sound.

Hanford separates plutonium from spent uranium, and this must be done by remote control, to avoid death by radiation. Here is a nightmarish glimpse of a future world of machines. The General Electric Co. people who run the plant have developed remote-control apparatus until it can do almost everything. It can knock down, service and put together whole production units that have grown fiercely radioactive. Sometimes the human operatives watch the job through three feet of special glass, sometimes through periscopes, sometimes by means of stereoscopic television. In the latter case, they can work from miles away; the radiation-resistant robots will obey just the same.

Sometimes the mathematics involved becomes fantastically complicated. Then Los Alamos broadcasts a frantic call for help, swamping with its rush-rush problems all the great computing machines in the U.S.

What has this work accomplished? No direct answer is possible, but men in a position to know are deeply impressed. After the tests at Eniwetok Atoll in 1948, they say, it looked as if the bomb-improvers of Los Alamos would find little more to do. The original bombs had been improved so much already that only small gains in efficiency could be expected.

New Possibilities. Then things began to happen. Several methods of greatly improving bomb performance showed up in the theoretical calculations. Both the Los Alamos physicists and their bosses back in Washington got excited. They longed to try out the new designs at once, but tests at Eniwetok cost \$20 to \$100 mil-

THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

Gordon Dean. Appointed as commissioner in 1949, chairman in 1950.

Born: Seattle 1905, son of a Baptist minister.

Educated: University of Redlands, Calif., and Law School of University of Southern California.

Career: Served as assistant to the dean at Duke University Law School. In 1934 he went to Washington as attorney in the Department of Justice. In 1937 he rose to serve Attorney General Homer Cummings and his successor Robert Jackson as special assistant in charge of public relations. When Brien McMahon, chief of the criminal division, resigned in 1940 to start his own Washington law firm, he took Dean along as a partner. Dean worked with the McMahon firm until 1943, when he joined the Navy. In 1945 Robert Jackson took him to Germany to handle public relations at the Nürnberg war-criminal trials. In 1946 Dean returned to California to teach law at the University of Southern California and to raise lemons and avocados on his ranch in Vista. From this pleasant exile he was rescued in 1949 by McMahon, by then Senator from Connecticut and chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

Family: Dean is married, has two children.

Appraisal: Dean's unassuming appearance is largely an illusion. He is a shrewd man, wise in the folkways of Washington. He knows how to cope with aggressive lobbyists, arrogant Senators and predatory rivals in Government.

Henry DeWolf Smyth. Appointed 1949.

Born: Clinton, N.Y. 1898. Father was professor of geology at Princeton.

Educated: Princeton A.B. 1918, A.M. 1920, Ph.D. 1921, Cambridge Ph.D. 1923.

Career: From Cambridge, Smyth returned to Princeton as an instructor in physics, rose until in 1935 he headed Princeton's physics department.



© Arnold Newman
DEAN

In World War II, he became consultant for the atom-bomb project. In 1945 he published the famous "Smyth Report" (*Atomic Energy for Military Purposes*).

Dr. Smyth is married, has no children. He looks, acts and talks like a stage scientist, sympathetically portrayed. In the AEC, he specializes on scientific matters and the problems of the great laboratories.

Thomas E. Murray. Appointed 1950.

Born: Albany 1891. Father was multimillionaire utility magnate, Thomas E. Murray Sr., inventor of heating and electrical equipment.

Educated: B.S. Yale (Sheffield Scientific School) 1911.

Career: Murray has been active in manufacturing and public utilities and served for eight years as receiver of New York's Interborough Rapid Transit system.

Murray is shy, earnest, retiring. He is married and has eleven children, two of whom are Jesuits. He is conspicuously religious (Roman Catholic); at meetings of the AEC commissioners, he sometimes calls upon God for guidance.

Thomas Keith Glennan. Appointed 1950.

Born: Enderlin, N.D. 1905. Father was a train dispatcher.

Educated: B.S. Yale (Sheffield Scientific School) 1927.

Career: Glennan started out as an electrical engineer, veered into moviemaking by way of the electrical aspects of sound pictures. He became operations manager of Paramount Pictures Inc. in Hollywood, studio manager in 1939. In 1942 he returned east to be director of the Navy's Underwater Sound Laboratory at New London, Conn. In 1947 he was chosen president of Case Institute of Technology in Cleveland.

Glennan is married and has four children. In AEC affairs he specializes with great success on engineering and production.



GLENNAN



MURRAY



INTERNATIONAL, ACME
SMYTH

lion, and required a fleet of ships, 9,000 men and several months of time. Why not a test on land and right around home?

President Truman agreed to tests at Frenchman Flat in Nevada, as a place where there was little danger of damaging U.S. citizens.

The Nevada tests, many of which were not bombs but mere "nuclear experiments," were a great success. Their cheapness and quickness allowed Los Alamos to try many "wild ideas" which would not have been proposed at all while a test cost \$20 million. Some wild bombs flopped, but others paid off royally, opening whole new fields of experimentation.

The postwar work of the Los Alamos laboratory has increased the value of the U.S. stockpile of fissionable (atom-explosive) material many times. This can mean several things: 1) that the efficiency of the nuclear explosion has increased, giving more energy from the material; 2) that bombs powerful enough for most purposes can now be made with less material; 3) that the new bombs are much lighter, easier to deliver upon an enemy, with a lower rate of wasted bombs.

It is reported that in a live test, one light bomb was actually dropped by a jet plane at low altitude, with great accuracy. The jet was not damaged; it was well out of reach of the blast before the bomb exploded. There will be more tests in Nevada; eventually the AEC hopes to fire an "open shot" witnessed by the press, the newsmen, even by television, if the necessary special circuits are set up in the desert. But to test its really big bombs, it has decided that it must go back to Eniwetok. The reason: "We don't want to blow up the whole state of Nevada."

Laboratory Spirit. In addition to these externals of AEC performance, reporters trying to determine whether the commission is doing a good job can have limited access to another kind of evidence. Atomic weapons are created by men and organizations of men. In the long run, the weapons must reflect the character and spirit of their makers. If the AEC is getting its share of the best U.S. brains and devotion, the chances are that the bombs it produces are plentiful and good.

Judged in this way, the AEC seems to be doing well. Its work is divided into two main parts: 1) research and development, 2) production. Both of these departments show every appearance of high morale and creative vigor.

In the case of research and development, this was not always true. There was a period after the war when U.S. scientists were almost boycotting AEC laboratories. Part of their hostility was due to the very real hardships of wartime life at Los Alamos and Oak Ridge. Probably more important was a widespread feeling of revulsion. The scientists had worked with fanatical fervor to build an atom bomb for use against the Axis powers. They succeeded beyond their expectations, and many of them were haunted for years by the horror of their success. In the words of their leader, Robert Oppenhei-

mer, wartime head of the Los Alamos Laboratory, "they had known sin." At any rate, many of them did not want to give more years of their lives to developing in peacetime even more frightful weapons.

All this has changed, and largely because the scientists believe that in their hands lies the safety of intellectual freedom, which they consider to be the father of all the other freedoms. Scientists have been shocked profoundly by recent developments in the U.S.S.R., where their Russian colleagues seem to have lost all freedom of thought. When the Soviet government began to tell its own scientists how they must think scientifically, it did wonders for the morale and recruitment of U.S. atomic-bomb laboratories. That the scientists had to wait so long for proof of the Soviet character indicates that many scientists are as ignorant in the field of politics as the average politician is ignorant of nuclear physics.

The scientists still work under some special handicaps, heaviest of which is the fact that they cannot freely publish their results. Publication is meat & drink to a scientist; it is the way he normally communicates with his colleagues, the way he wins professional recognition. With this cut off, he must depend on the recognition of a very limited group and on the approval of his administrative bosses of the AEC, most of whom are not scientists. Laboratory morale is good today, but some of the leading U.S. men of science worry about the future, when the AEC may grow to be a clumsy bureaucracy in which the scientific *clan* will be stifled.

Saintly Behavior. On the production side, the most impressive evidence in favor of the AEC is the character and attitude of the AEC's contractors. Almost the first thing Chairman Dean tells a questioner is that the AEC itself is a rather small organization. It has some 5,700 employees engaged in policymaking, inspection, etc. Almost everything else, from abstract research to the digging of holes in the ground, is done by the 120,000-odd employees of its contractors.

When possible, the AEC makes a lump-sum contract with the lowest bidder, but often the projects are so new and so uncertain that no sane board of directors will make such a guarantee to deliver results. It follows that many contracts must be "cost plus a fixed fee," in spite of the risk to the taxpayer. Since the contractor does not profit by keeping costs down, he is tempted to permit abuses—from looting to large-scale inefficiency. In shadowy AEC-land, screened with secrecy and rippling with money, a crooked or careless corporation might find easy pickings.

According to available information, this is not happening now. In the first place, the names of the contractors read like the social register of U.S. industry: General Electric, Du Pont, Union Carbide and Carbon, Monsanto, Westinghouse, Western Electric, etc. Such outfits are intensely jealous of their reputations and go far beyond formal correctness. In spite of the lack of profit motive (Du Pont gets \$1

for building the \$1,250,000,000 Savannah River Plant), they are working with enthusiasm, diligence and enterprise. They comb through their organizations to find the best men to put on AEC jobs. They are careful about security, quality of work, and costs to the Government.

This saintly behavior of hard-boiled corporations is a subject of amazed debate among AEC men. Some maintain that patriotism is an important factor. Others believe the contractors' enthusiasm comes largely from far-sighted self-interest. Under the AEC's blanket of secrecy, a whole new technology is developing, as important as steel or electricity. The only way that an ambitious corporation can find out what is going on is by ducking under the blanket where the secrets are. There



Associated Press
SENATOR BRIEN McMAHON
Are the watchers watching?

is prestige involved, too, and a company that has a big AEC contract finds it easier to recruit the best technical men.

How long this happy state will continue has some AEC men frankly worried. They feel that the AEC's good relations with its contractors depend on its prestige. They fear that even a whiff of improper political influence will break the spell.

Shadow of "Mr. Atom." Chairman Dean's background, although not his character, is sometimes cited as a danger to AEC's political purity. There is no doubt that his appointment was due to his former law partner, Senator Brien ("Mr. Atom") McMahon of Connecticut. The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, of which McMahon is chairman, was created to watch the AEC from inside its screen of secrecy, thus supplying a substitute for normal public scrutiny. This safeguard was destroyed, say critics, when McMahon's friend Dean became head of the AEC. Now that the two groups are joined, they say, nobody watches anybody.

However, to the naked eye (clouded by

AEC secrecy), there is no sign as yet of political infiltration. Many sharp watchers (e.g., a friend of former AEC Chairman Lilienthal, a prominent Washington scientist, many Republican members of the Joint Committee) agree. They think the AEC is running smoothly under Dean.

The most violent criticism of Dean and his colleagues comes from the military. None of the brassier brashhats wants to be quoted, but out of the Pentagon's propaganda orifices comes a continuous stream of bitter unofficial protest. It is not against the AEC's scientists. These the Pentagon loves: they think up atom bombs. It is against the AEC itself, a snooty civilian agency that speaks a language which few generals understand, whose power is enormous, and whose lowliest employees are not afraid to talk back to the Pentagon.

Pentagon Maneuvers. All three armed services are struggling to get as many atomic weapons as possible into their separate arsenals. Even subdivisions of the services are constantly maneuvering to protect their atomic interests. General Curtis LeMay, for instance, head of the Strategic Air Command and master of the heavyweight B-52s, is against light "tactical" bombs. "I wouldn't give ten cents," he told a high AEC man, "for a tactical bomb. Make 'em big and powerful, the bigger the better."

Almost in the same class is the demand of the Army for atomic artillery. It is possible, of course, to make an atomic shell, but such a shell would be large, and an effective gun to fire it would probably weigh 150 tons. Scientists have told Army General Joe Collins that this ponderous, conspicuous weapon would be useless in a modern war of motion. For battlefield use, a moderate-range guided missile with an atomic warhead would be sufficiently accurate and much more mobile than a gun.

General Collins, reportedly, will have none of this. The explanation of his attitude given around the Pentagon is that the Army has no combat airplanes, and it shares control of guided missiles with both the Air Force and the Navy. Artillery is the only atomic "vehicle" that would be under the Army's direct control. The struggle between the AEC and the Pentagon will reach a crisis in 1952. Senator McMahon's Joint Committee will soon send to Congress a monumental report on the position of "uranium-derived weapons" in overall national defense.

Decision in Darkness. When the report is made, says one interested authority, "there will be infighting all over town." Congress will ring with bitter debate.

But the vital facts will not reach the public. Scientists, engineers, economists and military men will give their most important testimony in heavily guarded secrecy. The decision will be made secretly. The public will not know whether it was arrived at after serious consideration of the technical facts, or by means of mere jackknife swapping between various armed services and Government agencies.

Most of the AEC men, including com-

missioners, are deeply concerned about the long-range effect of such secrecy. They realize that in the blackness, sprinkled with atom bombs, that surrounds their expanding empire, all sorts of unhealthy and startling growths might sprout unobserved. They know well that they hold in their hands the most dread power in the world.

Sumner Pike, who helped to set up the system and who recently resigned as a commissioner, says that to him the commission's job is "somehow revolting." It is, he says, "one of those things that a dictator says is all right in his own hands, but which could do a lot of harm in the hands of any other man."

Chairman Dean is not as much disturbed, but even he has moments of misgiving. "The big problem," he admits, "is that the public is not in it. We make some very important decisions, and we can't, unfortunately, make them all public. There is a heavy responsibility on anyone operating like that."

SUPREME COURT

Freedom of the Stomach

On the morning of July 1, 1949, three men from the Los Angeles County sheriff's office broke into the home of Antonio Rochin, a 22-year-old truck driver whom they suspected of carrying narcotics. Before they could stop him, Rochin swallowed the only evidence against him—two morphine capsules. The deputies choked him and pummeled him, trying unsuccessfully to make him cough them up. Then they dragged him to a hospital, forced him on to an operating table, where a doctor "pumped" out his stomach to get the evidence. The judge gave him 60 days.

A smart lawyer named David Marcus for two years appealed the case up the ladder of the higher California courts. Most of the judges attacked the brutality of the arrest, but, conforming to California precedents, upheld the conviction.

Last week, in a unanimous decision, the Supreme Court of the United States reversed the California courts and made Antonio Rochin a free man. Wrote Justice Felix Frankfurter for the majority of the court: "... The proceedings by which this conviction was obtained do more than offend some fastidious squeamishness ... They are methods too close to the rack and the screw to permit of constitutional differentiation." Frankfurter based his decision on the 14th Amendment, which forbids a state to interfere with a person's life or liberty "without due process of law."

Justices William O. Douglas and Hugo Black agreed with the decision, but they had much sharper reasons for it. The constitutional amendment violated, said Douglas, was not the 14th Amendment, but the Fifth, which says explicitly that no man can be compelled to testify against himself in any criminal case. Wrote Douglas: "Words taken from his lips, capsules taken from his stomach, blood taken from his veins are all inadmissible, provided they are taken from him without his consent."

CALIFORNIA "Come With Me Quick"

Pudgy, 16-year-old Delora Mae Campbell seemed to be an ideal baby-sitter. She seldom had dates and was willing to work on Saturday nights; she was a neat, well-mannered, quiet girl who kept a house tidy and washed up the dishes. Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. Isbell always felt they had no need to worry when they left their two children and their modest house near Long Beach, Calif. in Delora Mae's hands. They had no way of looking into Delora Mae's mind.

Delora Mae went about her chores at the Isbell's house one night last month as calmly and competently as always; she had six-year-old Donna and eight-year-old



Los Angeles Examiner-International
DELORA MAE CAMPBELL
Television and a vision.

Roy, sat with them in the living room watching a murder movie called *Repeat Performance*, as it flickered on in the television screen from Los Angeles' station KTLA. She put them to bed, washed the dishes, and, with these chores done, walked back to the living room and stretched out on the couch.

She began to see what she described later as a vision. "It was Donna's head . . . there was a green-and-red-striped necktie next to her. I don't know whether I was awake . . . or dreaming . . . but I saw that picture. Something told me to get up . . . I went into the bedroom . . . There was no tie . . . I saw some socks on the floor. I picked one of them up . . . and stepped over to Donna's bed and lifted her head with my right hand . . . I put [the sock] around Donna's neck. I tied it once and pulled. Her arms lifted up . . . and then sank back. She didn't cry out, but I put the edge of her bed sheet in her mouth."

A little later, a nearby doctor was summoned to his door. Delora Mae looked up

at him, white-faced and gasping: "Come with me. Come with me quick." The doctor followed her to the house. He walked into the bedroom. Then he made a quiet telephone call to the sheriff's office. Little Donna was dead.

The pudgy, dark-haired girl who had strangled her was as quiet, self-contained and polite as ever when she was taken off to jail. For her appearance in court she dressed neatly, brushed her suede shoes carefully and showed no sign of emotion. In a frank talk with a county-jail psychiatrist, she observed that she had often longed to strangle one of her own small brothers. The psychiatrist's opinion—that she had responded to an irresistible impulse, but was legally sane—left her unmoved.

Her dreamlike calm finally broke. Delora Mae burst into tears after a jail attendant discovered a legend she had scratched on her compact with the point of a hobby-pin, while sitting in her cell: "Delora Mae Campbell killed Donna Joyce Isbell Sat. night Dec. 29 1951."

MANNERS & MORALS

The More the Merrier

Although the Mormon church has banned polygamy since 1890, some fundamentalist heretics practice it in defiance of church and state. Last week, Arizona authorities were trying hard to catch one of them. The fugitive: George Merlin Dutson, excommunicated middle-aged Mormon.

Dutson, according to a Maricopa County prosecutor, not only has married eight wives (plus an earlier one who divorced him in the 1920s for starting out to get others), but has had them all toiling cheerfully for years to support him. Sheriff's officers arrested six of them on a charge of "notorious cohabitation" last week. Four (plus ten children) were working happily together on a ten-acre farm near the town of Mesa. One (with eight children) was toiling on another farm, and a sixth was hard at work running a store and gas station. The two other wives live outside the state, one in Salt Lake City, one in Rock Springs, Wyo.

According to their neighbors, the six Arizona wives also go from door to door in their spare time selling homemade layettes and spectacle-cleaning tissues. But even after jailing Hilda Dutson, 46, Arline Dutson, 48, Hazel Dutson, 55, Lura Dutson, 44, Sara Dutson, 43, and Anna Dutson, 33, the local law didn't have too much hope of catching their lord & master.

The women, all neat, cheerful, housewifely types, obviously harbored no jealousy of each other, and they had nothing but admiration for Dutson. They were not bothered at hearing that he was courting three more women. When asked where he was, they answered happily, "Between here and there." At week's end it seemed likely that Dutson had jaunted off to Mexico, where, Mormon Bishop Wendel Davis suspects, he maintains a sort of foreign branch with two wives.

HEROES

"Captain Stay Put"

A dense fog hung low as the Isbrandtsen Company's 6,711-ton freighter *Flying Enterprise* moved away from her pier in Hamburg; her Danish-born master, Henrik Kurt Carlsen, 37, was obliged to conn her down the harbor by radar. There was nasty weather outside, and she creaked and complained as she rolled down past Dover and through the English Channel, heavy with a cargo of coffee beans, antique furniture, automobiles, U.S. mail and Rotterdam pig iron.

But until the seventh day of her New York-bound voyage, nothing suggested that she faced anything more than a routine crossing of the wintry Atlantic. Then, west and north of the Bay of Biscay, the ship was enveloped by an awesome storm. A black sky pressed down. The horizon vanished in flying spindrift. As solid seas began thundering over the vessel's bow, her radio picked up a warning: worse was to come—the fiercest December gales in 22 years were howling along the European coast.

The Hull Cracks. On the bridge, the captain calmly prepared for trouble. During nearly 23 years as a deep-water sailor, amiable, stubborn Kurt Carlsen had been in his share of tight spots, but he bore small resemblance to the dramatic sea dog of fiction. He had, for instance, a penchant for providing flowers for the ship's passengers. He enjoyed toiling on deck with the crew. He kept a motorcycle on the ship, and used it for jaunts ashore—expeditions for which he often donned an electrically lighted bow tie. He was an unabashed radio ham and on dull nights at sea he liked to spell the ship's operator.

But for all this he was a fine seaman and a cool and capable officer. Some of his crew could remember how he had reacted four years ago when one of his "black gang" was found on the deck spouting blood from knife wounds in the throat and arms. There was no anesthetic on board, but the sweating Carlsen stitched the fainting victim's throat, sewed up two arteries, sprinkled the wounds with sulfur powder, and saved his life. Carlsen then grabbed the would-be murderer, got a confession, and went back to the bridge as if nothing had happened.

He was as businesslike in the face of the storm. Wind and seas rose, hour by hour; by nightfall the vessel was pitching & rolling with sickening violence. Furniture slid and tumbled, tools leaped clattering from their hooks, dishes broke, and over the heaving seas the wind yowled and screamed. At dawn two unbelievable waves (sailors swore they were 75 ft. high) fell on the *Flying Enterprise*. With a cannonlike bang, her shuddering deck and hull cracked open, just forward of her squat, white superstructure.

She reeled drunkenly on. But at 10:45 in the morning, with No. 3 hold filling, she rolled too far, and hung, half on her side, unable to right herself. Below, her ovenlike engine room became a madhouse.

Oil from overhead gravity tanks poured down in slippery streams on the tilted deck plates. Steam began to fail. The whine of the turbines diminished. Despite the struggles of the exhausted engineers, the generator failed, and with it power for lights and the laboring pumps.

The Rescue. In the early afternoon, with the storm still rising and his ship sodden under his feet, Captain Carlsen sent an SOS: ENCOUNTERING SEVERE HURRICANE . . . SITUATION GRAVE . . . HAVE 30 DEGREE LIST AND JUST DRIFTING . . . At nightfall things got worse: the pig iron in the holds shifted and the ship rolled to port again as if she were going completely over. She hung, listing now at 60 degrees; at times the deck was almost perpendicular. The captain clawed his way among his ten



N.Y. Daily Mirror-International
CAPTAIN CARLSEN
Till saved or sunk.

passengers (five women, a boy, four men) with a bottle of brandy, reassured them, had them covered with blankets as they huddled together for the night in a passageway.

The 40-man crew, in heavy clothes and lifejackets, hung on where they could. Carlsen radioed: HOPING TO STAY AFLOAT UNTIL DAY. At dawn the ship rolled and tumbled like a half-submerged log, the red paint on her bottom plainly visible. But she floated. And out beyond her, half hidden by the smoking seas, lay a wallowing covey of rescue ships: the U.S. freighters *Southland* and *Warhawk*, U.S. military transport *General A. W. Greely*, the Norwegian tanker *H. Westfal-Larsen*, the German steamship *Arion*, the British steamship *Sherborne*.

Red-eyed, bewhiskered Kurt Carlsen said: "We have to get the passengers off." But how? Swooping lifeboats from the rescue vessels dared come little closer than a hundred yards amid the crazy welter of water; the *Flying Enterprise* boats were disabled or waterlogged. In matter-of-fact

tones, Carlsen ordered that all must jump. A brave woman passenger, Mrs. Elsa Muller, went first, was picked up by a boat from the *Southland*. After that, with lifebelts strapped tight, more leaped or were pushed into the sea. A crewman jumped with each passenger.

It took a long time. The waiting vessels pumped oil to smooth the raging waters. Even so, some of the jumpers were smashed back against the crippled freighter's plates. Lifeboats were broken against their mother ships. But two by two, swimmers floundered away, were picked up, gasping, oil-covered, half-drowned, and waved away the last waiting boat. The captain had elected to stay aboard his wounded ship.

The master of the transport *Greely*, eyeing the *Flying Enterprise* through flying spume, was appalled, even though four of her five holds were still tight. "I believed that what watertight integrity she possessed would collapse," he said, "sinking her immediately." The vessel's owners urged Carlsen by radio against "further risking your life." When the message was relayed, a new storm was smashing the ship, but he replied: "I am remaining till vessel saved or sunk."

All over the world a kind of cheer went up in millions of hearts at Carlsen's stubborn, valiant pride in his ship and his calling. Said his wife, waiting fearfully in their house in Woodbridge, N.J.: "You can't do anything with him . . . we are praying . . ."

London's newspapers admiringly nicknamed him "Captain Stay Put" and "Captain Enterprise," used great blocks of newsprint, day after day, on the tale of his chilling adventure. British underwriters knotted around the bulletin board in Lloyd's to follow news announcements about the captain's battle. All over the U.S., millions followed newspaper and radio accounts with breathless interest.

It was a nerve-racking tale. Furious new storms mauled the half-burdened *Flying Enterprise* after Captain Carlsen began his vigil. It was four days before the big British tug *Turnoil* could leave Falmouth for the scene. Two more days & nights passed before she arrived. It took nearly 36 hours and ten fruitless and heart-breaking attempts before Carlsen and the tug's daring young mate—who had leaped on board the freighter to help him—managed to make a towing line fast on the ship's dizzyingly tilted fo'c'sle head. But as she began creeping sluggishly behind the straining tug, the weather calmed. This week the coast of England, safety and a roaring welcome were close at hand. "Captain Stay Put" was still aboard, ready for anything.

* The seafaring tradition by which captains stay by their ships hinders in part on the laws governing salvage—though vessels may not necessarily be claimed as derelicts if abandoned, the burden of proving an intent to reclaim rests upon the owner if the ships are taken under tow with no body aboard. Also, a shipmaster who abandons his vessel usually has a hard time getting a new job—if she stays afloat.

NEWS IN PICTURES



BLIZZARD WEATHER, sweeping across the mountain states, piled drifts 50 ft. high, tied up rail schedules, threatened many

towns with food and fuel shortages. Huge snowplows on U.S. Highway 40 dug their way to 1,000 motorists marooned in eastern Utah.



STORM VICTIMS, floundering in Mother's Lake, near Minneapolis, were Frank Langford's horses, "King" and "Queen," who went

Associated Press
through ice while breaking a new sleigh-ride trail. It took nine firemen an hour to get them out; horses didn't even catch cold.



ATLANTIC GALES, which sent three ships to the bottom and took 63 lives, left the helpless *Flying Enterprise* wallowing in

United Press—Acme
pounding waves, but Skipper Henrik Carlsen refused to leave his ship, after six lonely days was finally taken in tow by salvage tug.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

All in the Day's Work

At wintry Panmunjom one day last week, a thin, precise man stepped out of a helicopter, tucked his brown briefcase under his arm and strode purposefully toward the conference tents. He was Rear Admiral Ruthven Libby, commander of U.S. Cruiser Division 3, who has been detached for temporary duty as a U.N. delegate to the truce conference. The admiral wore a plain Navy overcoat without stripes or shoulder boards; only his gold-braided cap marked him as a naval officer. Said a British newsmen who was watching the scene: "If you switched that cap of Libby's for a Homburg, he'd look like any banker or solicitor arriving for a day's work at the office. And that helicopter of his gets to look more like a limousine every day."

After six months of conferences, the U.N. negotiators had settled down to the grind like a group of calloused commuters. Regulation U.S. Army space heaters maintained a comfortable temperature inside the tents. At night, when the heaters were off, water in tumblers and decanters often froze. "Maybe," said a bored and impatient G.I. guard outside, "if they'd take those damned heaters out of there, they might get somewhere with this show."

Upside-Down Reasoning. For days on end last week, "this show" got nowhere. The Communist negotiators were so obviously stalling that the U.N. suspected they had been ordered by Moscow to drag their feet while Andrei Vishinsky ran off his diversionary shenanigans in Paris (see INTERNATIONAL). Nothing so far afeud was mentioned across the tables at Panmunjom, but the language was sharper and more insulting than it had ever been before. At one point, Major General Howard Turner said to Red China's Hsieh Fang:

"You suggested that if the U.N. commander is so concerned for the security of his forces, he should withdraw from Korea. What a typical piece of upside-down reasoning! You've cast yourself in the role of a bandit who says to his victim, 'You've nothing to fear from me as long as you surrender your purse and walk away without creating a disturbance.' The U.N. has not come to Korea to surrender. We have no intention of walking away . . . and leaving the South Koreans to your tender mercies."

Stung into rage, Hsieh shot back: "Your statement is rude and absurd. You've gone too far in your absurdity and arrogance. You've reversed black and white. Your statement proves your lack of sincerity. You've fully exposed your ugly, ferocious features of a bandit."

Belated Thoughts. While such amenities were being exchanged, Washington was beginning, belatedly, to realize that the effort to truss up the Reds at the conference table was not enough; that

safeguards, inspection devices, etc., etc., could probably not be negotiated in a form that would guarantee that the enemy could not attack again (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). But still the men at Panmunjom went, businesslike, about their daily task. For some kind of agreement with the enemy is necessary too, if the U.N. expects to get its prisoners back from the Communists.

THE DEAD

Unsung Service

According to map coordinates, the wrecked plane lay about 700 yards in front of the U.N. lines. A Korean farmer who crossed to safety in allied territory had told where the plane was, said that it had evidently crashed months before. A team of the U.S. Army's Graves Registration Service, covered by riflemen of the nearest combat unit, went out into no man's land to find the wreck. They found it—a jumble of twisted and melted metal. There were no dog tags, and nothing was left of the pilot but a charred skeleton.

Working quickly, the G.R.S. placed the airman's remains in a rubber-lined, zippered pouch. An aircraft expert combed the wreck, snipped off bits of metal bearing serial numbers. Then the party scrambled back to its own lines. By last week, the plane had been identified as a light L-19 spotter, and in the G.R.S. laboratory at Kure, Japan, the pilot's skeleton had been assembled, his height determined, dental chart plotted. If the data obtained from this work checks with a name listed on a unit roster, another U.S. fighting man's name will be transferred from "missing in action" to "killed in action." In the fighting lull, the unsung men of Graves Registration were busy trying to bridge the gap between the 11,000 U.S. troops listed as missing, and the mere 3,000 names of persons on the lists handed over by the Reds.

Clues & Proof. Combing old battlefields from the Pusan beachhead to the present battlefield are hundreds of officers, soldiers and civilians with special skills—fingerprint experts from the FBI, men with detective experience, trained undertakers, X-ray technicians, doctors, dentists, chemists, anthropologists, clerks. At Kure, the lab staff looks for clues in laundry and dry-cleaning marks, scars, teeth, old bone fractures, even tattoos.

Dog tags are not always found, and even when they are, they are not taken as certain proof of identity. Fingerprints which can be checked against the FBI's master file in Washington are considered certain proof. Not until identity has been established beyond doubt are the next of kin notified and the remains sent home.

Graves Registration's job is grim, difficult and dangerous. Sometimes the teams have followed the fighting so closely that they have had to fight themselves; their

men have been killed and wounded, some by guerrilla bullets, some by mines.

Candy for Dog Tags. Korean farmers, who in winter go into the hills and woods for firewood, have been a great help. The G.R.S. drops leaflets from planes asking Koreans for information. Last week a searching crew, following up a leaflet drop, was led by a white-robed farmer to a hillside grave, from which the searchers recovered a moldering body—obviously an American killed early in the war. There were no dog tags. The farmer said he had given them to his six-year-old daughter. She, in turn, tearfully pleaded that she had lost them. The sergeant in charge of the G.R.S. searchers had run into such situations before. He produced a dozen candy bars and the little Korean girl dug up the missing dog tags from a cranny of the mud-walled barn.

The great question for the G.R.S. is when, if ever, it will be allowed to comb the sites of the late 1950 fighting between the present battlefield and the Yalu, where it believes hundreds of U.S. bodies lie. Up to this week the matter had not even been mentioned at Panmunjom.

SCAP

The General's Candy

SCAP headquarters, in Tokyo's Dai Ichii Building, is policed by members of General Matthew Bunker Ridgway's Honor Guard—strapping six-footers, starched and polished, who stand their appointed watches day & night at the entrance and in the gleaming marble corridors. In the dead of night last week, Honor Guard Corporal Linwood C. Smith, a Purple Heart veteran of nine months in Korea, took a ten-minute break, wandered into Ridgway's outer office. There he saw a box of Whitman's Sampler chocolates. Knowingly and willfully, Corporal Smith did then & there remove and eat five pieces of candy—four nougats and one mint—and he gave four more pieces to two other Honor Guards, Pfc. John King and Herbert Branch.

Next morning, when Ridgway's military secretary Chief Warrant Officer William McCleary arrived and saw the pilfered box, he was speechless for 30 seconds. Then Mr. McCleary reported to Matt Ridgway, and the sparks began to fly. Ridgway called the Honor Guard's captain on the carpet, ordered him to 1) search out the culprits, 2) get rid of them. Faced with the prospect of discipline for the whole company unless they confessed, Smith, King and Branch confessed.

It was not just ordinary candy; it had been intended as a gift for junketing Cine-masters Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling. The three culprits were reduced one grade in rank, but SCAP relented and allowed them to stay in the Guard.

Pfc. Smith was relieved but shaken. "This cuts my pay about \$17 a month," he said, "and besides, they've taken my Good Conduct Medal away from me."

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Tremors in Asia

The important jogs and wiggles on the international seismograph last week all indicated new stirrings in Asia.

In Paris, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky accused the U.S. of preparing "new acts of aggression" against Red China. The U.S., he said, is transporting Chinese Nationalist troops from Formosa to the southern borders of China, and preparing to use its Seventh Fleet for aggression against the Chinese Reds. "These flagrantly illegal acts," cried Vishinsky, "will be declared to be defensive measures against China's aggression whenever events begin to take their course on the southern borders of China, in Siam, Burma and Yunnan Province . . ."

Vishinsky's words sounded uncomfortably like the noises the Communists made 18 months ago to mask their aggression against South Korea: the Reds characteristically accuse the other side of a crime they themselves are about to commit.

Floundering Truce. Vishinsky's outburst came in the midst of his latest bellicose attempt to show himself a man of peace. He proposed a full-dress meeting of the U.N. Security Council, with Foreign Ministers sitting as delegates, to lessen world tension. First item: the Korean truce, which, he said, is now deadlocked and "floundering" at Panmunjom.

The other stirrings were closer to the trouble scene. Premier Stalin sent personal greetings to the people of Japan. "The Soviet people," he said, "deeply sympathize with the Japanese people, who are trapped in a serious situation under foreign occupation." There were other tremors in Japan: members of a Soviet trade mission busily conferred with Japanese Parliament members; a Stalin Peace Prize went to a non-Communist Japanese; ten Japanese economists were invited to the forthcoming Communist economic conference in Moscow.

The Grinace. From Communist China came fresh reports of a Red Chinese buildup in the south. The southern city of Nanning is now, thanks to Soviet aid, a big Chinese army base. The Peking government announced that it had completed a rail line south from Nanning to within ten miles of the Indo-Chinese border. Reports from Formosa, not always reliable, said Communist leaders from all Southeast Asia had been summoned to a conference on "the early liberation" of Southeast Asia.

But the sound which jiggled the seismograph most was the voice of Vishinsky. Since a Communist's word can neither be trusted nor disregarded, the West took note of his warnings. Western intelligence recognizes that a full-scale Chinese attack on Indo-China would undo all the success General de Lattre de Tassigny had had there, but it still has no solid evidence that a Chinese invasion is imminent.

EUROPE

Coal Is the Tyrant

At the heart of Europe's sickness last week, underlying its dollar deficiencies, its currency distempers, its lack of pep and its chronic sweat and tears, was a shortage of one grubby product—coal.

Old King Coal is the economic tyrant of Europe. On both sides of the Iron Curtain, he chills the poor, rocks governments, distorts economies and hampers rearmament. In the West he threatens to undo much of the good done by the Marshall Plan; in the East he blocks Communist Five-Year plans.

In Paris last week, Premier René Pleven gave French deputies a lesson in ele-



Bettmann Archive

THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE
At the heart of Europe's sickness.

mentary economics. "I am amazed," he said, "that no one has pointed out the real reason why prices have risen more sharply in France than elsewhere in Europe. The coal price influences the cost of almost everything else."

Some of the symptoms of the disease: ¶ Of every dollar France gets in U.S. aid, she now spends 75¢ to import coal from the U.S. at ruinously expensive prices. Coal that costs \$10 a ton in Pennsylvania sells for \$22 a ton in Europe, after shipping costs are added.

¶ Europe's industrial output has increased 40% over prewar, but coal—which industry depends on—is down 7%. ¶ Britain, short of 1,500,000 tons of steel for its armament program, last week imposed strict steel-restriction program. First priority among steel users went to coal; defense and export production must take second place.

¶ Britain, which used to ship abroad 44

million tons a year, no longer produces enough coal to stoke its own fires and furnaces. The new Tory government had laid down the most stringent household coal rationing in the nation's history: an average of less than two tons for the entire winter.

Empty Bank Vaults. The consequences to Western defense are immense and progressive: they would be disastrous but for a relatively mild winter. But British families do without meat because there is not enough coal to swap for Argentine beef: French steel mills stand idle for lack of coal and coke. The Dutch army all but disappeared over the holidays, when the government gave its soldiers an eleven-day furlough to save precious coal. Swe-

den sells its high-grade iron ore to Communist Poland instead of supplying its old customer Britain, because the Poles can trade coal in exchange, the British cannot. The Poles, taking advantage of Sweden's need, get ballbearings and generators in exchange, to nourish the Red army.

West German coal production is increasing by leaps & bounds (since 1946, output has jumped 300%). But though the International Ruhr Authority still earmarks 25% of German output for export (mainly to France), French steelmen complain that Ruhr shipments of coke and coal have fallen by 25% since 1949. And German nationalists are whipping up resentment against compulsory coal exports: they accuse the Allies of sending Ruhr coal abroad, and compelling Germany to import more expensive U.S. coal.

U.S. coal is flooding into Bremen, Rot-

terdans and other European ports at the rate of 4,000,000 tons a month. In one way, it does more harm than good: to fill its coal scuttles with costly U.S. coal, Europe is emptying its bank vaults of precious U.S. dollars which could be more profitably invested in new mining machinery. Moreover, sky-high U.S. coal prices have sent all other prices soaring.

Getting It Dug. The U.S. Mutual Security Agency has one word for Europe's coal situation: "Shocking." Most of Europe's economic problems could be solved by a 5% increase in European coal production. There is plenty of coal in the ground: South Wales alone has known reserves of 10 billion tons, enough to last several centuries. The problem is: how to get it dug.

What is stopping the diggers? Each nation has its own explanation. Britain is short of labor: nothing the nationalized coal industry has done (e.g., higher wages, social security) can induce more Britons to work in the pits. Full employment is partly to blame: coal miners' sons don't want to work underground when there are safer, cleaner jobs above.

Last year, the Labor government tried to import 5,000 unemployed Italians to work in the pits (70,000 could be used). For every miners' lodge that agreed to take Italians, four turned thumbs down. In one area, 93 out of 100 pits refused to have "foreigners." So far, only 600 Italians are at work.

West Germany has abundant labor (1,300,000 unemployed), but output per man shift is 30% lower than it was pre-war. A fourth of the Ruhr miners' homes were destroyed during the war. Today one in every ten miners is forced to leave his family in some other part of Germany, while he lives in a barn or an old air-raid shelter near the pits. At the Zollverein mine, near Essen, 1,500 homeless miners live in bleak, clapboard cabins sprawling in the shadow of the pithead. The turnover among them is immense. "They don't budge in winter," said a mine official. "But when the spring comes round, you see a look in their eye, and one day they're gone."

In Belgium, after watching miners struggling to push loaded coal cars over an uneven tunnel floor, a West Virginia mining engineer named Neil Robinson offered to slash production costs from \$14 to \$11 a ton—if given a free hand. The skeptical Belgians agreed; Robinson has since set to work injecting U.S. zest and know-how into one of Belgium's oldest and deepest pits—the Good Hope Mine. If he succeeds, and the chances are that he will, MSA hopes to use the "Robinson Experiment" to spark similar coal-face production drives throughout Western Europe.

The Poles Got Orders. Fortunately, King Coal's tyranny knows no Iron Curtain. Gross coal output is rising, especially in Red Poland, which has replaced Britain as Europe's No. 1 exporter (31 million tons in 1950). But the Russian war machine gulps more coal and steel



Frank Wili—Charleston Gazette
COALMAN NEIL ROBINSON
U.S. zest in an old pit.

than the U.S.S.R. can produce; to keep it rolling, the Reds are squeezing every bit of production they can get out of the satellite mines and mills. The Poles got orders to step up coal production by one-third. Hungarian playwrights and poets have been told to forget such themes as "love" and "adventure" and to concentrate instead on "what is more important to the People's Republic: getting more coal out of the ground."

To dig more coal, the Communists have organized a vast slave labor program. Polish mines have been reinforced by convicts, military conscripts, students who fail their examinations and members of the SP (Service to Poland) youth organ-



Religious News Service
PASTOR NIEMÖLLER
A stab in the back, said Adenauer.

ization. Czechoslovakia drafted 77,500 minor bureaucrats into the pits in one sweeping purge. The Communists get coal by a combination of threats, rewards ("Banner of Labor" decorations), bonuses, extra food, and discipline.

The West, which balks at the more successful Communist methods, could only counter with pleas to the miners, better working conditions for them, more skill in production, less waste in consumption, and as a last resort—that old popular refrain, help from the U.S. This week in Paris, the Council of Ministers of 18 Western nations will gather for an emergency session on coal. Unless their experts make wise and bold plans, Europe's dependence on U.S. coal will remain "shocking."

The Red Red Carpet

A tall, gaunt man in a wide-brimmed hat, accompanied by his Russian-speaking daughter, climbed aboard a Soviet DC-3 in East Berlin one day last week and was whisked off to Moscow. There the Russians rolled out the Red carpet for their guest: 60-year-old Pastor Martin Niemöller, head of the German Evangelical Church in Hesse, World War I U-boat captain, onetime Hitler follower and then for eight years Hitler's personal prisoner. Niemöller's mission to Moscow was clothed in strictly clerical garb. He simply wanted, he said, to confer with leaders of Russia's Orthodox Church "on matters of relations with Christians in Russia."

But Pastor Niemöller had already said enough to give the trip sharp political significance. For nearly three years, he has been speaking contemptuously of West Germany's Bonn government ("It was conceived in the Vatican and born in Washington") and using platform and pulpit to oppose West German rearmament and integration with the West. It was no surprise that the Kremlin had seen fit to invite him to Russia—the first top figure in West Germany so honored since war's end.

What was surprising was the reaction it set off in West Germany, where Pastor Niemöller's odd convictions are usually rebutted gingerly because of his prestige. West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was, not unexpectedly, angry. "I deeply regret," he said, "that a German national in the position of . . . Niemöller has chosen this moment to stab his government in the back." Protests exploded from other places. Said a spokesman for the Social Democrats, the fiercest opponents of German rearmament: "The pastor plays the Russian game." Snapped *Welt der Arbeit*, newspaper of the West German trade unions: "Niemöller seems to labor under illusions that he can convert Stalin."

Mindful of the more than 80,000 German soldiers and 27,000 German civilians still in Soviet prison camps, the German Young Democrats advised the pastor: "Stay in Moscow. Your return is unwelcome before the last German prisoner has been released."



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FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

The Flattened Aristocrats

The man who blueprinted the Welfare State, 73-year-old Lord Beveridge, last week surveyed the brave new world of womb-to-tomb security and sadly reported: there has been "too much leveling down."

Addressing himself to "My dear Posterity" in a talk over Britain's BBC, Beveridge complained: "The baronial hall with its troops of servants laying coal fires in every room is giving place to rows of council houses each with radiators and a television aerial . . . It is not possible for anyone, however hard and well he works, to enjoy the kind of income or to make the savings for old age that were easy when I was a young man."

What worried His Lordship most was how to find the "right natural leaders" in what he called an "economically flattened" society. "In the old days," he said, "when individual wealth could pass on to one's children, much of the leadership of the country was determined automatically. Just from where, in our classless collection of men & women, leadership will come . . . I do not know."

"Somehow," sighed Lord Beveridge (himself the son of an untitled Indian civil servant), "we have to carry on the aristocratic tradition . . . without the aristocrats."



Acme

LORD BEVERIDGE

Where will leadership come from?

The State Department clumsily proposed to Great Britain that she surrender the Sudan to Egypt in return for Egypt's joining the West's Middle East Defense Command (TIME, Oct. 22). Britain bristled: such an idea, replied Whitehall, had "absolutely no likelihood" of being accepted "whatever the pressure." Uncle Sam, all thumbs, gave up, said weakly: "It was only one of many ideas for the solution of this problem . . ."

And still there was no peace in Egypt. The extremist weekly, *Al Gomhour*, offered £1,000 Egyptian (\$2,880) to anyone who would kill Lieut. General Sir George Erskine, British canal zone commander, and another £100 (\$288) to anyone who killed any British officer. In reply, Sir Brian Robertson, British Middle East commander, back from talks with Churchill, declared: "We shall go on month after month, for many months if need be. We shall meet force with force . . . We shall [not] be turned back from our policy by the passage of time or murderous episodes."

EGYPT

Boy Wanted

The one thing that wealthy, willful King Farouk of Egypt most wants is a male heir. His first Queen and childhood sweetheart, Farida, failed him: after three children, all girls, he divorced her. Last spring, Farouk married a teen-age cutie, 18-year-old Narriman Sadek, a commoner. Last week the Cairo newspaper *Al Balagh*, talking coyly to avoid censorship, announced that "the happy event anxiously awaited by the people of Egypt is expected to take place towards the end of this month or early in February."

Uncle Sam did even worse over Egypt. Washington offered Iran \$24 million in U.S. Point Four aid, plus another (estimated) \$50 million for guns, planes and tanks. In return, Mossadeq had to agree, by the terms of the Mutual Security Act, that Iran would contribute to the "defensive strength of the free world." Again Mossy balked: after some frenzied haggling the U.S. emerged with a limp victory. It won a letter from Mossadeq reaffirming Iran's adherence to the U.N. charter: on that basis he would get the \$24 million. Negotiations over the military aid continued.

Uncle Sam did even worse over Egypt.

FRANCE

No. 11

Fallen after five months in office, several stays of execution: Premier René Pleven's French coalition-of-the-center government. His was the eleventh French government (usually with the same ministers changing chairs) to fall during the lifetime of the Fourth French Republic.

The Socialists, who had supported the Pleven cabinet on most issues, deserted when the Premier asked the National Assembly to authorize economies designed to reduce the \$400 million annual deficit of France's nationalized railway system. That lacked the motion—and the government—by a whopping 98 votes.

Outlook: probably a month or more of a caretaker government, during which the same ministers (except the Premier and Minister of the Interior) will carry on their jobs as if nothing had happened, followed by formation of another cabinet, presumably with much the same faces.

Call Them Social Workers

"I will not rest," cried Marthe Richard in 1945, "until Paris is cleansed of these stinking sewers." In the reform wave sweeping postwar France, Parisians agreed with Mme. Richard, the only woman on the city council, about their 178 legalized houses of prostitution and the 7,000 registered whores. Brothel-keepers, a \$20-million-a-year industry at stake, pleaded that red-haired Mme. Richard, who won the Legion of Honor as a spy for France in World War I, was a neurotic and a publicity-seeker. They also tried to bribe her. Mme. Richard carried the day: the brothels were closed.

But sin only went outdoors and underground. The same girls, reinforced in numbers, nightly patrolled the Champs Elysées and Place Pigalle and swarmed through the nightclubs. With no police regulation save for sporadic boulevard roundups, and no medical inspection, the venereal disease rate skyrocketed.

Last week Marthe Richard admitted she was wrong. She had just written a new book, *L'Appel des Sexes* (The Call of Sex), in which she now says: "The situation has become intolerable. We have to reopen the *maisons de tolérance*." Still a reformer at heart, she wanted new laws so that cops could not tyrannize the girls, and better medical inspection. Also, she added: "The girls should be considered some kind of social workers."

Droll Fellow

Not since the R.A.F. bombed the gates in 1944 to free a batch of Resistance fighters had anyone escaped from France's grim, grey Amiens prison. It was just the quiet, safe place to send hulkingly handsome Léon Meurant, to await the summons to the guillotine.

Léon was a droll and imaginative fellow, the bored guards agreed. The French police



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had first become acquainted with Léon's imagination six years before, after they had found the nude body of a White Russian countess lying in the Paris-Brussels road. The countess, who had been strangled with a nylon stocking, was known to have left Brussels with a young French medical officer named Count Vernier de Miramont. The police finally found the man practicing gynecology in occupied Germany. They soon learned that he was neither a count, a doctor, an officer nor a Frenchman. He was a Belgian metal worker named Léon Meurant, and he had a long police record.

A Missing Mongol. Arrested, Meurant promptly confessed to both his identity and the murder. Then he changed his story. The killer, he swore, was a Mongol, a Soviet agent in U.S. uniform, otherwise known as Operative B 13. He himself, Meurant obligingly told the police, was in reality Soviet Operative B 17. The Mongol, he went on, had hidden in the trunk compartment of his car, stripped the countess to find some secret papers she was carrying, and strangled her, all before Meurant could interfere. "Brassières and panties," Meurant told an Amiens court informatively, "are excellent for hiding microfilm." After searching high & low for the Mongol, French justice finally condemned Léon Meurant to death.

At Amiens prison Murderer Meurant flabbergasted the prison censors by writing cozily intimate letters to an ex-Premier and an archbishop, addressing the statesman by his first name. He so charmed the prison guards that they regularly let him put on his own leg irons and handcuffs (required for men condemned to death) each evening. When Meurant offered to show Part-Time Guard Jacques Gauvin "how they used to put on silencers in the NKVD," the guard was so flattered that he promptly passed his revolver through the bars to the prisoner. The second time he did it, Meurant refused to give it back. "Oh," he soothed, "here we're just one happy family; keep quiet, now, and I'll see that you're promoted."

A Vulgar Criminal. Soon afterward, his leg irons resting comfortably against the grill of his cell, Meurant was enjoying a game of *bélo* with two guards. Suddenly he whipped out the revolver. "One move," he said pleasantly, "and I'll burn you." While Meurant brandished his weapon, his cellmate, Murderer Michel Courtin, got the keys and unlocked the door. Meurant rounded up two more guards, locked them in the cell with the others, rummaged through the clothes locker for his good suit, and then calmly sat down to finish a letter. "I am escaping only to prove my innocence," he wrote. "I am obliged to leave with Courtin, a vulgar criminal. I am giving him 10,000 francs, but he won't get far on that." Donning the caps and capes of the prison guards, the two then departed, and, when running into someone, put on a brave show as guards seeking the missing prisoners.

Two days later the police, bristling with Tommy guns, caught up with them in an abandoned railway station where Meurant



MURDERER MEURANT
Ponties are excellent for microfilm.

was busily reading the tale of his exploit in a stolen morning paper. Convict Meurant was more than a little irked at the abruptness of the capture. "I never had time," he complained later, "to get to the end of the article." Guard Gauvin, who himself was jailed on Meurant's return, was less collected. "Well," he stammered in excuse for handing over his revolver, "may-be he really did have important connections."

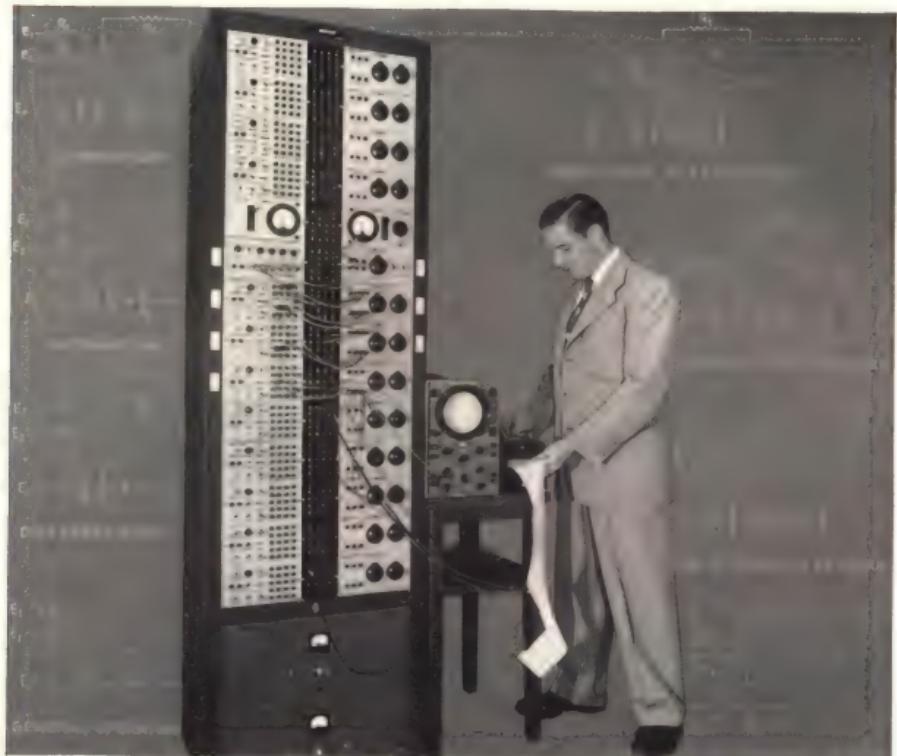
RUSSIA

The Other Face

He was born Meer Genokh Moiseevich Vallakh, the son of a Jewish bank clerk in Polish Russia. On police dockets of Czarist Russia and most of the countries of Europe, he was many aliases—Ludwig Nietz, Maxim Harrison, David Mordecai, Felix. To Lenin, Stalin and the other Old Bolsheviks, he was *Papasha* (papa dear), one of the trusted inner circle. The rest of the world got to know him as Maxim Maximovich Litvinoff. For two confusing decades, he was one of Russia's two faces—the false one.

His early years fitted him for the Communist aristocracy—a poor childhood, the Czar's army at 18, underground intrigue with secret printing presses, a term in prison, escape. In exile, he became boss of the party's international "transport," which is Communist doubletalk for the smuggling of arms, money and secret communications. "As long as *Papasha* is there," Lenin remarked admiringly one day in 1904, "we shall have transport."

The French deported *Papasha* in 1908, when they caught him passing 500-ruble notes stolen in the bloody Tiflis bank robbery engineered by Joseph Stalin. In England, as gentle, homy Mr. Harrison of Harrington Square, he erected a facade of innocuous jobs (publisher's assistant, bookkeeper, language teacher, corset sales-



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man), took on Western airs and a Western wife. She was Ivy Low, tragic daughter of an English writer. He came to admire the works of Henry James, Jane Austen, Beethoven and Bach; he took up contract bridge. But Litvinoff remained Bolshevik to the core—a blunt, opportunistic, skeptical revolutionary, with a keen, mousetrap kind of mind that was wired always to orders from home.

The Waiting Room. After the Revolution, Trotsky made Litvinoff Ambassador to Britain. The British refused to accept him, agreed only grudgingly to deal with him through a Foreign Office clerk. For a while, the two met by a kiosk behind the Foreign Office. But after a few pathetic meetings in the rain, the Foreign Office relented: it allowed Litvinoff inside as far as the waiting room.

When he came to England again, in 1936, Maxim Litvinoff got an audience



Wide World

HOPKINS & LITVINOFF (1942)
Pravda buried him on the back page.

with the King and all the amenities. *Papa-sha*—and the Soviet Union—had climbed to respectability. As Deputy Commissar for Foreign Affairs (1930-30) and then as Commissar, Litvinoff had cut through the "barbed-wire fence" which France's Clemenceau had persuaded the West to raise around Russia. He sold most of the Western world on the proposition that Communism was able & willing to cooperate with the West.

He constructed a network of treaties between Russia and 14 countries. He negotiated with Roosevelt for U.S. recognition of the Soviet Union in 1933. He got Russia a seat in the League of Nations. There, in passionate, blunt speeches, delivered in an English that was both Cockney and Slavic in accent, he became the apostle of disarmament, of collective security, and of opposition to the Nazis. "Peace is indivisible" was his famous phrase. He was personally liked and respected—a far warmer person than the

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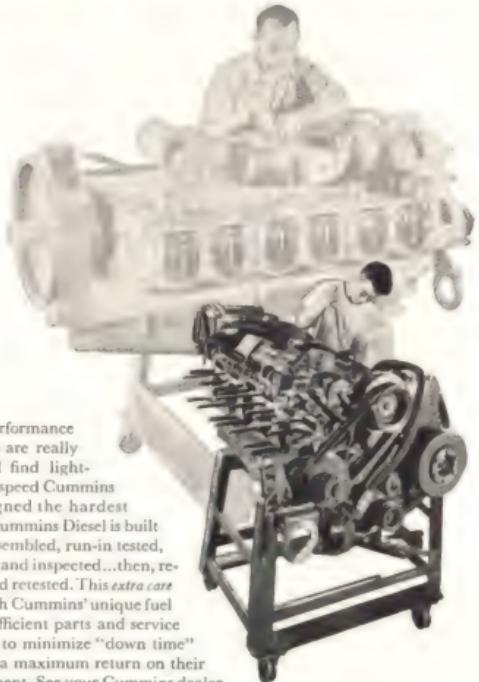
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Mint julep in foreground.



Attractive decorations in the
PRIDE OF TEXAS COFFEE SHOP.

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WAY WEST



S·P

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(If student, please state grade.)

cunning Vishinsky or the robot Gromyko—but only the gullible believed that there was a Litvinoff policy that differed from a Stalin policy.

Morning Coat in Mothballs. One day in 1939, the beaming face of Maxim Litvinoff was jerked suddenly from view, and Russia's other face appeared. Litvinoff was replaced as Foreign Minister by Molotov, and 3½ months later, Russia and Nazi Germany signed the alliance that pressed the button for World War II. Litvinoff retired into obscurity, was stripped even of his membership on the party's Central Committee "for nonfulfillment of his obligations." But the false face was kept handy. It did reappear briefly during the war, when Russia and the West fought side by side. Litvinoff became Moscow's Ambassador to Washington, but he was not the same man. "He seemed," Harry Hopkins noted in his diary, "like a morning coat which had been laid away in mothballs . . . [and] had now been brought out, dusted off . . ."

In 1946 he was again consigned to the shadow. Occasionally he would be seen slouching along a Moscow street, worn and spiritless, careful to turn his face and avoid old Western diplomatic acquaintances. In cold war diplomacy, Maxim Litvinoff was out of season. One day last week, a wasted, tired old man of 75, *Papasha* attained a distinction rare among cast-aside Old Bolsheviks: he died in bed.

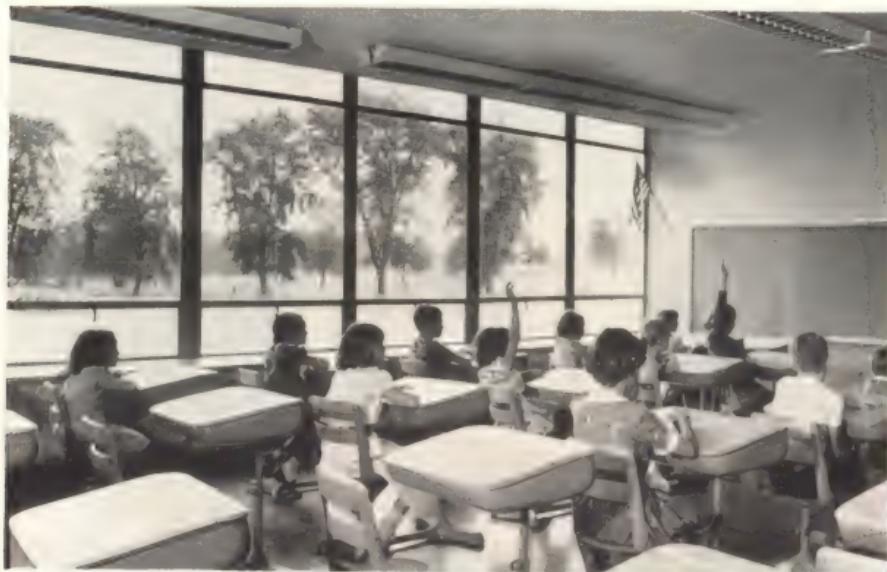
His death was front-page news everywhere but in Russia; *Pravda* gave him a skimpy eight inches of type, without picture, on the back page. Only Gromyko and two other underlings from the Foreign Ministry represented the government at the funeral. *Papasha's* Old Bolshevik comrades stayed home.

GERMANY

Mr. Misfortune

In the summer of 1944, things began to pile up on Private Karl Schleicher of Adolf Hitler's Wehrmacht. German army medicine was ready and able to treat his wounded thigh after a Russian bullet had creased it, but the German supply system was not up to replacing his torn pants. Private Schleicher, turned down by his sergeant, pinched a pair for himself from the quartermaster's store, and went into battle again. In the midst of the fray he lost his unit, got back to it a week later, just in time to be arrested for pants-stealing. To make a good trial, a new charge was added: desertion. Private Schleicher, duly court-martialed, was resigned to getting five years in prison, when the Russians stepped in, shipped him off to Siberia.

Cold and hungry on a diet of cabbage and barley, Schleicher fended for himself once again, and was caught stealing a handful of potatoes. The Russians convicted the P.W., and gave him 25 years at hard labor. Schleicher had to work driving rivets. He spoiled a rivet and a guard hit him with a chain. It broke Schleicher's nose, jaw and ankle. The Russians sent him to a hospital, and when his ankle refused to mend, they shipped him home. Schlei-



Edgewood Elementary School, McHenry, Ill. Architect—Raymond A. Orput, Rockford, Ill.

Nobody's too old to learn here

Even if you are *not* on a school board, there's a lesson here for you—a lesson just as applicable to a new hospital, home, office or factory as it is to a school.

It's a lesson in good daylighting by means of Daylight Walls, in order to end eye-abuse. Experts on eye comfort believe insufficient light has been responsible for most of the eye-weakness now prevalent. Daylight Walls are designed to help correct this condition.

A Daylight Wall uses clear, flat glass because clear glass transmits more light than glass in any other form. The glass extends from wall to wall and from sill all the way to the ceiling. This admits as much light as possible. Shadows, which cause glaring contrasts, are avoided when Daylight Walls are properly used. Notice the evenness of the lighting in this photograph taken without the aid of artificial lights.

Daylight Walls have the additional advantage of permitting natural ventilation near the ceiling where it is most needed. A sense of spaciousness, also, comes from Daylight Walls because clear glass does not obstruct vision. The lines of the ceiling seem to merge with the sky, uniting the outdoors with indoors.

People like this. People like Daylight Walls—with lots of light, a view, a feeling of not being cooped up. The lesson here is that Daylight Walls are today's walls for *any* room in which you are going to put people.

FOR WINDOW INSULATION
Thermopane® Insulating glass is widely and successfully used. Thermopane with $\frac{1}{2}$ " of dry air hermetically sealed between two panes has twice the insulating value of single glass. This minimizes chilliness, drafts and heat loss at windows. Thermopane cuts air conditioning costs by reducing the amount of heat entering during summer. Write for Thermopane literature. Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, 4612 Nicholas Building, Toledo 3, Ohio.



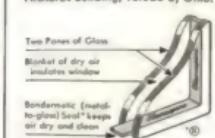
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TIME, JANUARY 14, 1952





for your spring
or summer holiday

Italy

inspiring modern man
with ageless beauty!

Again it is Italy which satisfies man's quest for inspiration. To abide awhile in this glorious land, particularly as budding spring burgeons to flowering summer, is to understand why.

Whether it be the knowledge that you stand where Caesar stood . . . or touch the very stone that Michelangelo transformed . . . or look upon a garden which delighted the eyes of the Medici . . . whether it be the grandeur bestowed by nature or the glories created by human hands . . . Italy stirs the imagination and warms the heart with ageless beauty.

Italy gives you everything under the sun . . . fine food . . . fine hotels . . . fine transportation . . . at dollar prices which make everything doubly appealing.

See your Travel Agent now and take advantage of the trans-atlantic "Thrifty Season" rates.

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE-L.H.I.T.
21 East 42nd Street, New York 22, N.Y.

cher got back to Germany in 1948 to find that his wife had remarried and that he was officially dead. He retired to another hospital to have his leg amputated.

Resigned to misery, he came out 18 months later, determined to give his wife a divorce. But first, said the lawyers, he must be officially brought to life again. They dug up old records. They pored over the past. What was this? An unserved sentence for pants-stealing? A Hamburg court investigated, and sentenced Schleicher to five months' imprisonment for his forgotten crime. Schleicher appealed. A higher court cut the sentence to one month. Schleicher threw himself into a Hamburg pond, determined to end it all. Even at this he failed. A passing couple saw him and dragged him out of the water.

Last week the Hamburg city council took pity on Private Schleicher, and passed a special legislative act granting him full pardon for everything. But bitterness had entered the sack's sad soul. "I'm going to spend my life," he swore, "fighting the stupid red tape which is entangling every German."

INDIA

Royalty on the Hustings

"Privileges are only a paltry make-believe, if not a fool's paradise," wrote Shri Hanwant Singh Bahadur, the titular Leader of Kings, King of Kings and Maharaja of Jodhpur. "Shorn of old feudal and autocratic character, a prince in free India should now rise to the level of Common Man."

Last week, the burly young (28) Maharaja, known to his friends as "Funny Face," was busy as a beaver rising to the level of common man in company with some 30 other bejeweled ex-pretenders of India. All of them, stripped of princely power by their nation's republican constitution, are running for office in India's first general election, a month-long affair involving more than 176 million voters, 80% of whom are illiterate.

Sleight of Hand. The princes, sparked by Hanwant Singh, seemed determined to make the election not only history's largest and longest, but its liveliest. Hanwant Singh, a polo player and amateur magician whose childhood dreams were realized a year ago when 600 London magicians asked him over to do some tricks for them, was proving himself a skilled political prestidigitator as well. Standing for both the national Parliament and the local Rajasthan state assembly, Hanwant Singh last week wrapped on his red-and-orange turban, sprayed himself generously with an oriental attar called Queen of the Night and flew his own Beechcraft to a rally of voters in a tiny village 70 miles south of Jodhpur City.

The happy electorate greeted him as the potentate he once was. As he mounted a waiting jeep, men rushed to touch his feet with their fingers. Housewives brought wheatcakes on silver plates to be blessed by him.

Women doused him with red mercuric



Associated Press

THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR

Trying to be a common man.

oxide powder to insure his prosperity, priests recited verses from the Veda and an aged soldier seized a microphone to cry triumphantly: "His Highness is our father and mother. We must do what he orders and vote for him."

The Cow Is Our Mother. Against such popular appeal, the snarling Communist and the colorless Congress Party candidates who opposed the Maharaja stood little chance. But the Maharaja had a few Tammany-style tricks up his sleeve as well. "In Bombay," he told his audience, "Congress is permitting the erection of a factory where hundreds of cows will be killed . . . to solve the food problem. The cow is like our mother. Perhaps Congress will next suggest that we should kill our mothers and eat them." The voters howled in disgust at such a wicked thing, not knowing that there are in fact no such plans afoot. "The slavery of the British was a thousand times better than the Freedom of today," the candidate went on. "I swear by the Goddess Chamunda that if elected I will continue to serve the people as my ancestors have done for seven hundred years."

Such strenuous campaigning allows the Maharaja only four hours sleep a night, but enthusiasm and a daily dose of 15 Dexedrine tablets more than make up the loss as he travels from town to town past loudspeakers blaring, "Give your vote to the Defender of the Faith—His Highness the Maharaja!"

The Joke. "The princes are sadly mistaken," said India's Congress Party Premier Nehru last week, "if they think that they can turn back the clock of progress." Nevertheless, in Rajasthan the wise money was ten to one on the Maharaja to win. "For every dirty leaflet the opposition issues," promised Funny Face as his campaign drew to a close, "I will issue three. For me, everything in life is a joke, and the biggest joke of all is myself."



Finishing school graduates

THESE strikingly beautiful tumblers dramatically illustrate the fine finishes which can be applied to aluminum—either to enhance its natural beauty, or to protect the surface, or both.

The fact that aluminum can be finished in a wide variety of ways is an important reason why it is preferred for so many products. But it's *only one reason...*

For no other material possesses aluminum's *unique combination of advantages*—among which are lightness, strength, corrosion resistance, conductivity, heat and light reflectivity, workability, economy.

These properties explain why aluminum

is the most versatile of metals, required in ever greater quantities for today's military and civilian uses. To meet this need, Kaiser Aluminum is expanding facilities and will soon increase production 132 per cent.

The applications shown here are examples of various finishes possible with aluminum. Kaiser Aluminum engineers are eager to show manufacturers how this advantage, and others in combination, can improve products and reduce costs.

65 Kaiser Aluminum offices and warehouse distributors in principal cities. Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, Oakland 12, Calif.

Kaiser Aluminum

A major producer in a growing industry



Natural finishing takes advantage of aluminum's natural beauty, illustrated by these muffin and pie tins. Costs are at a minimum because no further finishing steps are required. Result is a handsome bright surface, easy to clean.



Mechanical finishing, such as buffing, brings out high lustre of the metal. Methods include grinding, polishing, wire brushing, sand blasting, hammering, burnishing—used to provide decorative appearance or to form basis for further finishing.



Chemical finishing, such as the etching of name plates, is a low-cost, easy-to-handle process with aluminum. Also used to produce a clean, smooth surface for further finishing.



Electrolytic finishing, using anodizing, is applied to aircraft rivets to achieve a hard protective surface. Color, which is readily applied to aluminum, identifies rivets of various alloys.



Organic finishing—which includes painting, enameling, lacquering and varnishing—is low in cost. These embossed aluminum milk bottle caps assure high brand identification and also reflect top quality.

"How to Sky-tour in 3 weeks!"



by DOROTHY and JIM McARTHUR
OF NEW YORK CITY

"Try it and see why a 13,000-mile flight, for only \$988.20 per person, will open up a whole new world of wonders! We saw a whole continent, visited 5 countries, found modern cities, wonderful food, and people very much like ourselves—but in a refreshingly different atmosphere of Latin hospitality. By flying, we spent only about 2 days traveling, 18 days *sight-seeing!*"



"Rooms here at the Lima Country Club cost about \$3 per person with breakfast. We stayed for 3½ days and really *lived!* Lima has the leisurely charm of old Spain . . . plus an amazing pre-Inca city within taxi distance. Summer there begins in December!"

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PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS

South America



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call your Travel
Agent or the
nearest office of
Pan American
World Airways.

2

2 "In beautiful, picture-book Chile, we had a busy time sight-seeing . . . and shopping in Santiago." For a combination of scenery and wonderful trout fishing, you can take a side trip down to the Argentine-Chilean Lake District.

4

• Aboard *El InterAmericano*, world's most luxurious

DC-6, you fly south in a straight line . . . Miami to Panama, Guayaquil, Lima, Santiago, then over to Buenos Aires—the shortest way from the U. S. A. You enjoy famed Gourmet Galley meals with cocktails and fine Chilean wines, luxurious Fiesta Lounge, berths, if you like . . . Panagra rolls out the red carpet for every departure.

Or, you may fly non-stop from New York to Port of Spain when you board *El Presidente*—the only double-decked "Strato" Clipper® service to South America. Then you fly on to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires. *El Presidente* offers a downstairs club lounge, 7-course continental dinners with champagne; moreover, everybody sleeps in a berth or a Sleeperette®. Go one way, return the other (see map above).

In addition, there's regular tourist service to both coasts by 4-engine planes, at savings up to 25 per cent.

*Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



3 "Wait till you see Rio! We had to tear ourselves away after 8 wonderful days. You'll fall in love with Rio de Janeiro, too! By flying, you can sky-tour South America today in only 53 hours, have 18 days on the ground."

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PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS



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Cookbooks, anniversary books, year books... Mead Papers often are specified when the realism of photographic illustrations is needed to support the text.



If you were to look closely at the scripts and commercials of most network radio and TV shows, you'd see that they had been processed on MEAD PAPERS.



Any calendar will tell you when to use MEAD PAPERS, but the most imaginative calendars printed on MEAD PAPERS are demonstrations of these papers as well.



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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

The High Dollar

Ottawa's policy of minimum economic controls paid off encouragingly.

On the New York money market, the Canadian dollar climbed last week to a twelve-year high of 99.22¢ (U.S.), and some experts thought it might soon be more valuable than the U.S. dollar. Behind the rise in value was a continued heavy flow of foreign investment in booming Canada, spurred by the government's bold removal of all foreign-exchange restrictions on Dec. 14.

At Ottawa, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reported that November's cost-of-living index was down one-tenth of a point to 191.1—the first drop since December 1949. Ottawa economists hoped that the inflationary spiral had been arrested, thus vindicating their program of strong credit controls and their dogged rejection of Tory and CCF demands for price ceilings.

ARGENTINA

"Not a Woman's Woman"

Evita Perón and Fleur Cowles have a number of things in common. They are both blonde, sleekly dressed and eminent go-getters who came up the hard way. Some 18 months ago, Fleur, accompanied by her husband, Publisher Gardner (Look, Quick) Cowles, paid a 5½-day visit to Argentina, during which she met Evita. Fascinated, Fleur came home and wrote a book, her first. Published this week in Manhattan,⁸ the book shows Fleur's flair for the feminine glance, supplemented, as she says, "by my own sharpened intuition."

The two women met in President Perón's office. "She was elegantly dressed," writes Fleur, "as millions of American women would like to be dressed. The only giveaway was the orchid in her lapel [see cut]. No real flower that, but one of diamonds, larger even than an orchid, about five inches across by seven inches high—a brooch of big, pure white diamonds that must have been worth \$250,000. Barrel earclips of diamond baubles and her ball-like diamond ring were minor accessories by contrast . . ."⁹

Presidential Eye. "She stared back at me at first with a cold, unpleasant look." But "after she'd taken in every part of me (including the black pearl and diamond pin I wore)," Evita asked Fleur to stay a while.

"She displayed a willingness (later, eagerness) to talk 'girl talk' about clothes, jewelry, coiffure . . . She kept eying the

⁸ And entitled *Bloody Precedent* (Random \$3) because it also tells about Argentina's throat-cutting 19th century tyrant couple, Juan Manuel and Encarnación Rosas.

⁹ Fleur herself favors a macadam-sized Russian emerald ring. Says she: "It's my trademark. It's me, it's Fleur—rough, uncut, vigorous."

jewel I wore. Perón winked at me and said in his halting English: 'That's one she can't have.' " When Fleur remarked that Evita's hair was "very becoming worn straight and simply," she asked if I would look at pictures of her in the many ways she'd worn it." Big photographs were spread on the floor. Fleur looked them all over and pronounced Evita's latest hairstyle her best. "Evita asked my age. When I told her mine [41], I asked about hers. She said 28." About six or eight years shy, Fleur thought.

Before their chat ended, Fleur got a chance to ask Evita how she kept track of the estimated \$100 million a year that flows into her Social Aid Foundation. "I put the question to her carefully, saying



EVITA PERÓN & FLEUR COWLES
A flair for the feminine glance.

I presumed she kept a very strict accounting of every dollar spent. 'How else will history give you credit for your charitable efforts?' was the way I put it. She brushed history and the accountants aside without blinking an eye. 'Keeping books on charity is capitalistic nonsense! I just use the money for the poor. I can't stop to count it,' she reported."

Intuitive Eye. Having collected her facts about Evita, Fleur said that they only confirmed her first intuitive size-up. Summing up, in her woman s-magazine style, she wrote: "Not a woman's woman, with a warm remembrance of moments spent like any woman with her friends . . . not a man's woman either, even if she once may have been, [but a] woman político . . . a woman too fabled, too capable, too sexless, too driven, too overbearing, too slick, too sly, too diamond-decked, too revengeful, too ambitious—and far, far too underrated far, far too long by our world."

THE AMERICAS

Price of Tin

Now that Stuart Symington is pulling out of the RFC (see *NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), Bolivians hope that a settlement is at last in sight in their ten-month-long row with the U.S. over the price of tin. Last week Ambassador Ricardo Martínez Vargas had a talk with President Truman, and Dean Acheson declared that it was "extremely important" for agreement to be reached quickly between the two countries.

The issues, so simple when the row started, had become complex. When the Korean war began, the world price of tin shot up from less than 80¢ to almost \$2 a lb. Symington, the official U.S. tin buyer,

refused to pay such a gouging price. Since the U.S. takes about half the world's tin, the price fell. Bolivian tin men cried ruin, demanded \$1.50. Symington offered \$1.12.

In the resulting deadlock, the U.S. had to dip into its strategic stockpile, ration tin to industry. Columnist David Lawrence charged Bolivia, in collusion with British-Southeast Asia interests, with "the biggest holdup in the whole field of raw materials," and asserted that its tin owners, "now getting a 100% return on their invested capital, expect even more if the new phases of the blackmail should be successful."

Life & Death. Yet more was involved than exorbitant profits for Bolivian tin magnates. Bolivia depends wholly on tin income. Tin exports provide more than four-fifths of the country's foreign exchange, needed to pay for essential imports, including food. Taxes on tin account for more than half of the government's revenues—and for eight months the com-

That's putting it mildly

Clipped from recent issue of a leading business magazine

It is clear that business generally would permit its payout rate to rise much above its recent levels.

For one thing it must continue to plow back a huge amount of earnings to finance its still enormous capital expenditures. It needs more working funds, too, to carry swollen inventories and receivables. And in the first half of next year it is going to have to accumulate enough cash to take care of 50% of its heavy 1951 federal tax bill.

• **Not Too Flush.** At the moment, too, business generally isn't too flush with cash resources. While corporate working capital has been rising to one new historic high after another, liquidity ratios for some months have been showing a disturbing downturn because costs and taxes are rising even faster.

Actually many manufacturers are at a point where maximum efficiency and peak production are threatened by working capital deficiencies

What to do about it

IN 1951 hundreds of additional companies turned to the COMMERCIAL CREDIT method of supplementing working capital. Currently, American manufacturers and wholesalers are using COMMERCIAL CREDIT funds for working capital purposes at the rate of **HALF A BILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY**.

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COMMERCIAL CREDIT's method is easily adaptable whether your need is for thousands or millions and whether for 10 weeks, 10 months or years. It makes no difference where you are located in the U.S. COMMERCIAL CREDIT funds are usually available within three to five days from first contact. Only one reasonable charge (tax deductible). No dilution of ownership, management, profits. No long-term interest or dividend commitments.

Write, wire or phone the nearest COMMERCIAL CREDIT CORPORATION office below. Just say, "Tell me more about the method referred to in *Time*." The complete facts about how we believe our working capital method can contribute greatly to your progress and profit will be sent to you promptly.

Capital and Surplus Over \$100,000,000

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offices in principal cities of the United States and Canada.

panies have been advancing money to the government to keep it going.

The dispute had an acute and unfavorable impact all over Latin America. When RFC policy began to hurt Bolivia, every other one-crop country in the hemisphere felt vicarious pain. Chile worried about copper, Peru about tuna, Venezuela about oil, Uruguay about wool, Cuba about sugar. It was not hard to fan nationalist resentment against the hard Yankee trader. Last week Bolivians canvassed the possibility of charging the U.S. with "economic aggression" under the agreement signed at Bogotá in 1948.

Dollars & Influence. Many other Latin American countries thought that was a good idea. The Chilean Chamber of Deputies unanimously voted in favor of calling a Latin American conference "in defense of raw materials." Bogotá's *El Tiempo* cried, "Where is the good will?" Fishing in the troubled waters, Perón's revamped *La Prensa* sneered at "the Good Neighbor policy that is good only for one neighbor [meaning the U.S.]."

It looked as though most of the sneers and snarls could have been averted by alert U.S. diplomacy. Once Symington made the RFC ruling, the proper business of State, as the agency charged with foreign relations, was to support the ruling, have it withdrawn or work out a compromise that would have saved *latino* good will as well as supplied U.S. needs.

MEXICO

Too Many Customs

Fiesta-minded Mexicans start celebrating the Christmas season in mid-December with an old Spanish custom (candle-light processions symbolizing the search for shelter by Mary and Joseph). They conclude it on Jan. 6 with an old Italian custom (giving gifts to children for the Festival of the Three Kings) and an old French custom (cutting up a cake containing a figurine of the Christ Child). Between times, they observe an old Franco-Spanish custom (displaying crèches showing Christ in the manger), an old European custom (hanging stockings), an old English custom (sending cards), an old German custom (decorating Christmas trees), and an old U.S. custom (receiving presents from Santa Claus). In recent years, many Mexicans have come to feel that this is several customs too many.

Last week, as another strenuous holiday season closed, two customs seemed marked for uprooting. Roman Catholic priests and lay organizations denounced the Christmas tree and Santa Claus as "pagan and Anglo-Saxon." The crèche and the Three Kings, they suggested, are more truly Latin. By & large, Mexican fathers, cracking under the strain of two gift days, backed the drive to cast out U.S.-style celebrations. Said one: "I can't afford any more to be Santa and the Three Kings, so my wife and I decided in favor of the Three Kings." That settled, he went downtown to buy the presents his three daughters wanted for the Festival of the Kings: cowgirl outfits from the U.S.



BUSINESS SPROUTS WINGS



PILOT-SALESMAN BRUCE WALSH, EXECUTIVES GRAY AND CADLE
3 men in Cessnas do the work of 9



"STEAK 'n SHAKE" EXECUTIVE GUS BELT
35 places at once

THE BIG SQUEEZE *Some Firms Find the Answer*

Today, in U. S. business, the manpower squeeze is on in earnest. Work loads are heavier. Good men are hard to keep—harder to find. But some firms have found one important answer . . .

SALES

Baughman's "Air Force"

In Jerseyville, Ill., two shirt-sleeved top executives had reason to be happy. As early as 1948, Baughman Mfg. Co.'s Jim Cadle (production) and David Gray (sales) had found a way to sell the company's line of spreaders, conveyors and special truck bodies over a wide territory with a small sales force . . . a sales "air force" equipped with fast Cessna 170's!

The idea (credited to Cadle) was put into effect late in 1948 after tests conclusively proved that sales calls which ordinarily took four weeks could be made in one week in a Cessna.

Weather's No Problem. In 1949, with one Cessna, the company logged 1500 hours (roughly 150,000 miles) and, by keeping flight plans flexible, lost only 5 flying days because of weather.

Today, Baughman Co. has 3 salesmen flying Cessna 170's—three others learning to fly—and their own landing strip (1800 ft. x 100 ft.) right beside the plant.

Sales Manager Gray reports that operating costs on his Cessnas about equal those on company cars. Expense sheets for salesmen are about the same. "But," he says, "the men in a Cessna make 3 times as many calls. 170's are ideal for our operation," he adds, "fast—the best made for short or rough field landings—and low enough in original cost and upkeep to make a fleet practical."

Other Uses. Flying in prospective distributors for tours of home plant; picking up important customers at St. Louis' Lam-

bert Field and landing them beside the Jerseyville plant 12 minutes later (the trip takes 2 hours by car); closing "hot deals" by taking prospects where they can see Baughman equipment in action.

MANAGEMENT

Flying Restaurateur

When energetic Gus Belt's original "Steak 'n Shake" roadside restaurant in Bloomington, Ill., blossomed into a busy chain of 35 in 5 states, the big problem was to keep the close personal supervision which made the first "Steak 'n Shake" so successful.

Again the answer was a Cessna! Belt has logged 2500 hours, or about 400,000 miles, in two of them. He now flies a big, 4-5 place, fast Cessna 190 which puts him at all 35 branches in minimum time . . .

sampling foods, inspecting his kitchens, etc. He especially likes the time savings his Cessna gives him.

YOUR BUSINESS

Now, let a Cessna prove its value to your firm. Charter a 170 or 195 before you buy. Fly it on every trip you make. Compare it with any transportation—in actual economy, in time you save, in new profits it alone makes possible.

Your local Cessna dealer will gladly make all arrangements. See him, today!

* * *

For more information on Cessnas and more case histories on the use of Cessnas in businesses similar to yours, phone or see your local Cessna dealer. Or write CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO., Wichita, Kansas.

BUILT TO MAKE BUSINESS A PLEASURE

New Super-Lift Wing Flaps shorten take-offs, landings. Patented Landing Gear cushions rough-field landings. High-Wing stability, visibility, sun protection. Smooth 6-cylinder, service-proved, 145 H.P. Continental Engine for comfortable, fast cruising. All-metal dependability. Adjustable foam-rubber seats (removable rear seat). Yard-wide doors. Big 120-lb. luggage capacity. Hydraulic brakes. Yet it's the lowest-priced 4-place, all-metal plane by several thousand dollars! ALSO SEE the 4-5 place, bigger, faster Cessna 190 series. There's a Cessna to fit your business!

PEOPLE

Unfinished Business

Manhattan tabloids happily headlined the latest installment of the big *Billy Rose-Eleanor Holm* domestic serial. The last chapter had featured Eleanor suing for temporary alimony, asking for a reported \$1,250 a week, and actually getting \$700 plus the use of their Beekman Place town house, on which she changed the locks. Last week it was Billy's turn for the big type.

He sued for the privilege of using the house, too. In the first place, he said, he heard that Eleanor had barricaded the front door with his \$75,000 Rembrandt, had flung a Franz Hals portrait and a Turner landscape into a damp basement liquor closet, along with his valuable collection of antique silver by Paul Storr, silversmith to George III. Things like these needed a man's protection. Rose said he would also like to pick up some of his winter coats and suits, and furthermore he needed the house in order to entertain properly. His Ziegfeld Theater apartment, to which he is exiled (and where blonde Joyce Matthews, ex-wife of Milton Berle, slashed her wrists in a fit of melancholy last summer) "is much more a business office than a place to entertain graciously or adequately."

The court promised to consider the plea. Meanwhile, not to let a sleeping story lie, Billy was busy on another tack. He hired a West Coast attorney to check the validity of Eleanor's 1938 divorce from Bandleader Art Jarrett. The divorce was quite in order, retorted Eleanor's attorney, but so far as Rose's action was concerned, "I shall not comment on its moral nature except to say that I do not think it will rank high among the decent or gracious acts of 1952."



Associated Press
PRINCE AKIHITO
A dash in Tokyo.

The Lucky Ones

To launch its 100th anniversary celebration this week, Marshall Field's Chicago department store invited some of its former employees to a buffet supper. Among them: Movie Director **Vincente Minnelli**, who once dressed the store's windows; **Felix Adler**, the famed clown, who once sold rugs; **Burt Lancaster**, floor-walker turned cinematographer; **Cinemactress Arlene Dahl**, onetime lingerie model; and ex-Elevator Girl **Dorothy Lamour**.

Admiral **Raymond A. Spruance** (ret.), hero of the Battles of Midway and the Philippine Sea, and longtime commander of the Fifth Fleet, was nominated by the White House for another Pacific assignment: Ambassador to the Philippines, to replace Envoy Myron M. Cowen.

After a quiet celebration of the royal 18th birthday, the Imperial Palace in Tokyo released a picture of Prince Akihito for the public to see. Taken by the palace photographer, it showed a dashing young man on horseback taking his pet jumper Wakazakura over some high hurdles.

For the fourth time **Eleanor Roosevelt** headed the annual *Book of Knowledge* list of the world's brainiest women. On the list for the third time: Senator **Margaret Chase Smith**, Anatomist **Dr. Florence Rena Sabin**, New York Times Foreign Correspondent & Columnist **Anne O'Hare McCormick**, Mme. **Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit**, former Indian Ambassador to the U.S. On the list for the second time: Correspondent **Marguerite Higgins**. Among those who made it for the first time: Social Worker **Katharine Lenroot**, Physicist **Lise Meitner**, Princess **Elizabeth**, Assistant Defense Secretary **Anna Rosenberg**, Actress **Judy (Born Yesterday) Holliday**, Mrs. **Odgen Reid**, publisher of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

In Bonham, Texas, a group of friends surprised Speaker of the House **Sam Rayburn** with a 70th birthday present: a

fancy Browning over & under 12-gauge shotgun. How did he feel? As for the gift, said Rayburn, he never expected to own such a splendid gun. As for his health, "I never felt better in my life."

On New Year's Eve in Manhattan, the **Duke and Duchess of Windsor** gave photographers a rare chance to catch a glimpse of royalty at the stroke of twelve.

The Fuller Explanation

The New York *Post*'s Publisher Dorothy Schiff reported a recent conversation with Secretary of State **Dean Acheson**. In the face of constant criticism, Acheson told her, the only way to maintain one's ballast is to keep a sense of humor and proportion. "He illustrated . . . by telling a little story about the eight-year-old daughter of a colleague of his in the State Department. Her mother saw her . . . having an altercation with her little friend, sticking her tongue out at her, and saying 'Dean Acheson.' The shocked mother said: 'Did I hear you talking about the Secretary of State?' 'Yes,' replied her daughter. 'Since you spanked me for saying damn, I now say Dean Acheson.'"

In his weekly newspaper, the *Statesman*, Georgia's Governor **Herman Talmadge** explained why he has not been enjoying his TV set: Georgia's sovereign air is being violated by such Yankee telecasts as a show in which white and Negro children dance together (Ken Murray's Christmas show), two white and two Negro singers (Arthur Godfrey's "The Mariners"). And on a Clifton Fadiman show, the governor was shocked to see a Negro woman and a white woman sitting and talking to each other. "Television is just about equivalent to visiting somebody in his home," fumed the wool-hat governor, and "in the present situation a Southerner must either turn off the dial and miss the good shows or else must stand there and take these insults."



N.Y. Daily News

THE WINDSORS
A glimpse in Manhattan.



Franc Miller—LIFE
GOVERNOR TALMADGE
An insult in Georgia.

PERSONALITY

(Since the famous trial of the eleven top U.S. Communists in 1949, over which he presided, Judge Medina has been much in the public eye. His personal appearances, to receive an honorary degree, make a speech or grace a platform, have kept him there. He is still having to hold his temper in check during the Government's antitrust suit against 17 investment banking houses, now in its 14th month.—En.)

HAROLD RAYMOND MEDINA was born in 1888 in Brooklyn. His father came from Mexico, where his forebears had been Spanish conquistadors, established in New York a prosperous importing firm, and married Elizabeth Fash, an American of old Dutch stock. Their son Harold was sent to public school in Brooklyn, then to a small private school on the Hudson, and thence to Princeton, from which he graduated in 1909. He took his law degree at Columbia.

He and his handsome wife, the former Ethel Forde Hillyer, were brought up as Episcopalians. Their two sons, who are also lawyers, are married, have children of their own, and in summer live in houses on the 56-acre family country place at Westhampton, L.I. Until 1938, the Westhampton place was known as "To Windward." After the hurricane of that year, the place was rechristened "Still to Windward." The main house was rebuilt in ampler proportions, two houses for the sons, a house for Judge Medina's mother, a remodeled library, a boathouse and numerous outbuildings. It is a family playground, now less elaborately maintained than it was, for in 1947 Harold Medina gave up a law practice of \$100,000 a year to serve as federal judge at a salary of \$15,000.

In such a happy but conventional record of achievement Judge Medina's whole character is built. Beneath his brilliance, industry and Latin temperament lies a confidence in the success of normal human life and the possibility of its acquisition by anyone who will honestly work for it. It may be the combination of Spanish and Dutch blood that makes him so mercurial on the surface and so profoundly steady.

In spite of his classical learning, which he still pursues with delight, he lards his speech with outmoded slang and zealously drops the g's of his present participles. He is a jester, a moralist, a preacher and—even off the bench—a judge. Socially he is unpredictable. A tall story, for example, may find him just politely receptive, with a sideways turn of the head, a half-attentive smile, and a "Well, you don't say." Or it may immediately detonate an incredulous guffaw, ending with a murmured "Well, by golly! Can you beat that?" It may be pounced on frowningly and all its details subjected to legalistic analysis. It may even elicit a rebuke for exaggeration. But if the judge is in an uproarious humor, he will take the tall story and run it up several degrees higher into Gargantuan fantasy, rolling with laughter at his own verbal extravagance.

HIS FACE is long, sallow and melancholy, but when it is animated, his dark eyes flash, even his long, straight nose quivers, and the high-arched eyebrows, raised in perpetual astonishment at the world, climb yet higher. His grey hair and mustache seem to hold together the various parts of his face that might otherwise fly off into the corners of the room. But when the judge is pensive, his whole person droops into downcast repose—except for the eyebrows. When he is annoyed, his face never comes to life with sudden anger; it freezes. When at last he speaks, his voice is slow and controlled, and what he has to say is reasonable beyond cavil. His slightest point is sustained with enough logic to swing the fate of an empire.

The physical resemblance between the judge and Adolphe

Menjou has often been remarked, but the supple expressiveness of his face is more like Charlie Chaplin's. This is especially true of a certain browbeaten look he sometimes puts on, as though he were just a poor old gaffer at the mercy of all comers. This martyred look will break up into a smile if it is challenged, but sooner or later it will be resumed with a distant glance at nothing and a sighed "Well, well, you never can tell." The look has definite functions. In his New York apartment, it is a signal that the judge is bored with the conversation. At his country place in Westhampton, it means that he is preparing to make his escape.

The library lies about 80 yards from the house at the end of the walled garden, and escape is comparatively easy. "Well, well, you never can tell," the judge will murmur, looking into the sunset over the heads of the family group seated on the terrace. He gets up as if to flick his cigar ash into the shrubs, strolls aimlessly for a moment, and then unobtrusively ceases to be among those present.

THE JUDGE'S private life is, to an extent, exclusively masculine. His relations with his father, who died some years ago, were tender and mutually understanding. The bonds in the new generation repeat the pattern of the old. When Judge Medina and his sons are together, the ladies of the three households leave them to their own mysterious dimension. His friendships with men are touched with high seriousness. While the rest of the family are at the beach, the judge, who does not like surf bathing, will play golf or, on rainy days, a game of billiards. Next to his relations with his sons and his brother (all of whom are Princeton men), his closest bonds are with his classmates of 1909.

The judge regards women with indulgence and treats them with decorum, but he takes them with entire seriousness only in their spheres as wives and mothers. He would no more interfere with his wife's household or garden than she would attempt to influence his judicial decisions. They have conducted a successful marriage through 40 years of mutual regard for boundary lines, with only superficial border clashes from which the judge retires mournfully appealing to high heaven and abstract reason. His relations with his mother, who is 93, are as affectionate as were those with his father, but quite different. There is something almost ceremonious in his attitude toward her. He has built her a house on his property sufficiently far away from his own to give her a feeling of independence. When she is in residence, the judge visits her every day, consulting her on family matters.

Judge Medina's character and habits give an effect of virtues and customs that are still called old-fashioned but are beginning to be recognized as worthy of revival. In a cynical age, cynicism has not found one chink in his character to take root in. He positively and quite instinctively believes that manifestations of evil and stupidity are passing phases, whereas God, the Republic as our forefathers dreamed of it, and the family are enduring. He finds no embarrassment in speaking of faith as the fruit of religion.

THE PUBLIC is fickle, and sooner or later it may turn on Judge Medina as it has usually turned on its favorites. Cynicism will point out that he would be most happy in a world made up of Princeton men, preferably of the Class of '09, that he is too quick to ascribe other people's failure to personal weakness rather than circumstance, that he is at times obstinately legalistic and literal-minded, that he would decline an invitation to the Judgment Day if the date conflicted with that of his class reunion in June. But cynicism could seriously discredit him only if it discredited the loyalties that sustained—and may still sustain—the American republic in its best days. They are vulnerable now. But not in the judge's house.



JUDGE MEDINA

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All Is Forgiven

Nine months of exile from the Metropolitan Opera was more than Baritone Robert Merrill, 33, could stand. He had made big money in the Siberia of the movie and TV studios, but after all, he was a singer and the Met was "my life." He penned a chastened apology to General Manager Rudolf Bing, who had sacked him last spring (TIME, April 16) for dashing off before season's end to make a movie called *Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick*: "I... appreciate that you had no other alternative... Should you be willing to consider my reinstatement... your trust in me will not be misplaced." Last week Bing announced his answer: "To admit one's mistakes the way you have done is a sign of moral courage and decency. I shall be willing to forget the past." Merrill, one of the Met's best baritones, will rejoin the company for its spring tour.

Visitor from Vienna

Waiting in the wings for her first cue, the pretty Viennese soprano vibrated like a violin string. Back in Vienna, she had heard that the Metropolitan was a harsh house, so big that a singer could not move around onstage without sacrificing her voice. The hallowed ghosts of the Met were all around her. How would she measure up to the great Gildas of the past—Sembrich, Melba, Galli-Curci?

That November night, in the first performance of the Met's new *Rigoletto* (TIME, Nov. 26), blonde Hilde Gueden overcame her nervousness and measured up right to the last eighth note. She has done the same in every role she has tackled since.

Maid for Figaro. She turned from the gishy Gilda to the worldly Rosalinda in *Fledermaus*, and brought that role, until then one of the weakest in the Met's comic hit, up to par or better. As the saucy Musetta in *La Bohème*, she was gay in her waltz song, movingly sympathetic with the dying Mimi in the last act. Last week she sang her first Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Her tone, as ever, was as pure and clear as a mountain stream; her coloratura was as neat as needlepoint. A singing actress who loves "to play on the stage"—and has found that she can at the Met—she made Susanna a maid any Figaro would fall for.

Met Manager Rudolf Bing first spotted Hilde Gueden in 1947, when she was singing in Paris with the touring Vienna State Opera. The next season he got her up to his Edinburgh Festival to sing Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*. Since then she has been busy in Vienna, Salzburg and Milan, but Bing got her to the Met as fast as he could.

Vivacious and hard-working, Soprano Gueden comes by her acting talent naturally; her mother was a comedy-minded classmate of Elisabeth Bergner and her dream was for Hilde to have the stage career she her-

self gave up to raise a family. Hilde made her debut as Cherubino in Zurich in 1939, has since made roles such as Sophie in *Rosenkavalier* particularly her own.

A Word for the Prouds This week the Met's new star was flying home with some wise words for her colleagues in Vienna. For one thing, she had found that the Met was "a warm house," that its audiences "know the fine points of arias and give their applause with perception." Moreover, "the most beautiful voices in the world are here [in the U.S.]. . . . I have



Serge LeBlanc

HILDE GUEDEN
Neat as needlepoint.

never heard a better Rigoletto than Leonard Warren, or a better Duke than Richard Tucker." And as for Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte*, a pride of the Vienna company, she now has the sad duty of breaking the word that the Met's new production (TIME, Jan. 7) is even better.

Gueden is not through for the season. She will fly back in February to show the Met's perceptive audience what she can do as Micaela in the Met's new production of *Carmen*.

Idol of the Girls

Crooner Tony Bennett, 25, is the latest idol of the bobby-sox set; in Manhattan's Paramount Theater last week, Tony's tune-punching had the girls squealing and curling their toes in their saddle shoes. Bennett accepted the acclaim (and \$4,000 a week), though he protested the while that he would really rather be doing something else.

"This isn't the kind of singing I want to do," he explained. "I can go out on-

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stage and crush them every time—they'd stand on their hands for me. But I don't like being sensational that way. If I could sing the way I like to sing—naturally—I'd be a better entertainer. It'll take from six months to a year to get the right arrangements and the right songs, but that's what I'm going to do."

In eight months, Bennett (real name: Anthony Dominick Benedetto), but newly risen from seemingly permanent unemployment on Long Island, has become one of the top record-sellers in the U.S. His first big hit, after he was discovered by Bob Hope, then by Columbia Records' Mitch Miller, was *Because of You*; the record sold more than a million copies. Since then, under Miller's shrewd supervision, Tony has hit hard again with *Cold, Cold Heart*. He has grossed almost \$200,000 ("I'm not sure; my manager takes



Eric Pfeiffer

TONY BENNETT
Slick as sandpaper.

care of that") from record sales and personal appearances; he retired his dressmaker-mother and bought a home in River Edge, N.J.

Tony makes his stage entrance in a breathless vaudeville lope. When the applause and giggles have died down, he begins his act, swaying his loose-limbed body, singing in a style derived from several of his colleagues. When he belts and writhes a tune, he sounds like Frankie Laine; he uses Frank Sinatra's phrasing and slurring methods; he occasionally adds a few scale slides reminiscent of Billy Eckstine; at times he seems to be contemplating Bing Crosby's nonchalance, as through a dark glass enviously.

Bennett's voice, however, is distinctly his own; it has a diffused, No.-OO-sandpaper sound, a quality which he feels has endeared him to his fans. Says he: "At first, I tried to eliminate things like that from my voice. But I've decided now to let it all alone. I've stopped eliminating altogether."





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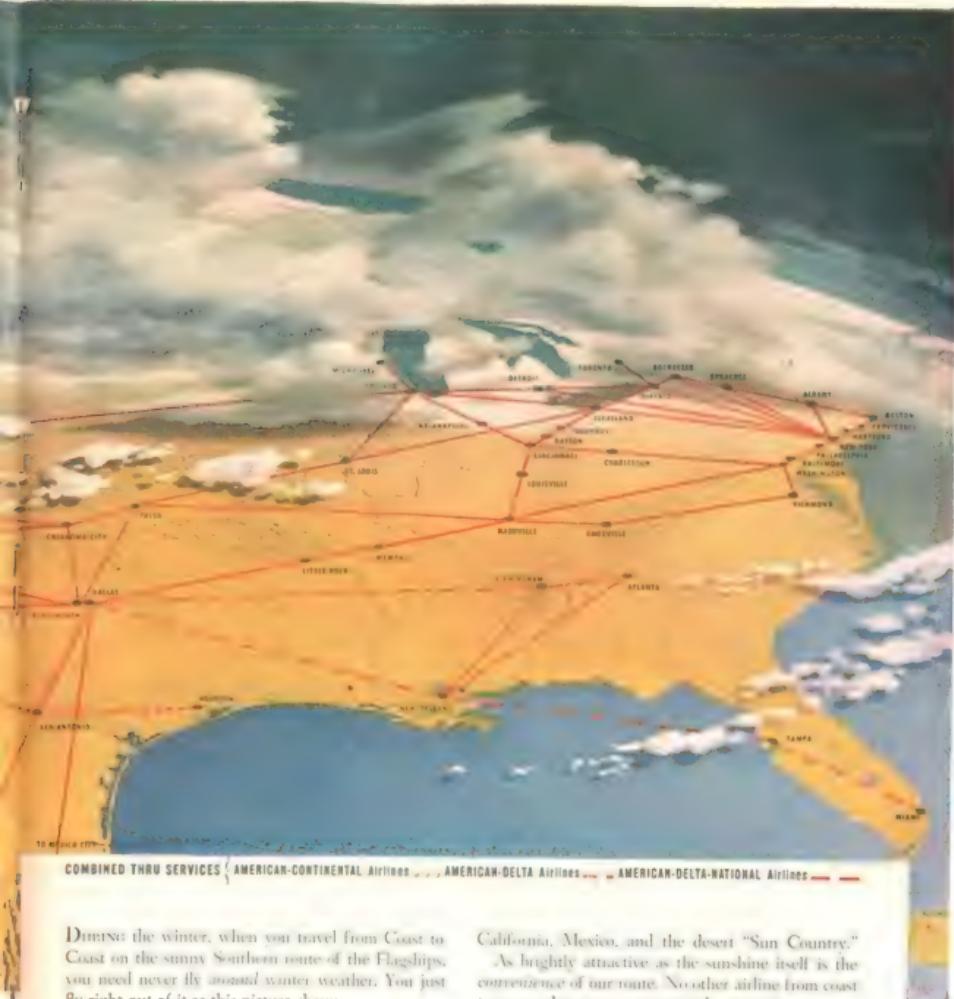


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Virtue's Extra Reward

Every pro tennis promoter feels pretty sure that every amateur has his price. In Australia, Melbourne Promoter Ted Humphrey figured that £40,000 (\$89,600) was about right to buy the Aussies' No. 1 star, Frank Sedgman, Top U.S. Professional Jack Kramer also made his sales pitch to Sedgman, dangled before him the prospect of a money-making world tour.

But Frank Sedgman was not for sale, after all. Last week at the banquet celebrating Australia's Davis Cup victory (TIME, Jan. 7), Sedgman borrowed a few pence from his coach, Harry Hopman, and put through a phone call to Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* to make an announcement: he was going on as an amateur.

Such virtue, the *Daily Telegraph* proclaimed on its front page, deserved more than its own reward. Melbourne's *Sun* and Adelaide's *Advertiser* heartily agreed. By week's end the extra reward reached \$8,500, raised by the three newspapers as "a wedded gift fund for Frank Sedgman's fiancée," Miss Jean Spence.

Was Sedgman taking a bribe that added up to Australia's premium on Davis Cup insurance? Under his country's lenient rules, no. To well-mannered British and U.S. tennis fathers, the "gift" was an internal Australian affair and no foreigner's business. U.S. Lawn Tennis Association President Russell B. Kingman washed his hands of it: "Judge Sedgman for yourself." Apparently feeling no pangs of conscience, practical Frank Sedgman said: "I propose to buy a home and use the rest for investments." Kicking in \$112 for the unique dowry, jilted Promoter Humphrey wished Frank the "greatest possible success." Amateurism had carried the day.

High Flyer

"Great day in the morning!" cried the parson. The Rev. Robert Richards, associate professor of comparative theology at California's little (enrollment: 300) La Verne College, had good reason to use strong words. He had just learned that the Amateur Athletic Union had picked him as the outstanding amateur U.S. sportsman of 1951, and winner of its James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy. Seldom, since the first award was made in 1930, had the trophy gone to a more exemplary athlete.

Bob Richards, 25, is the world's best pole-vaulter. Under his own power, at least, he has soared closer to heaven (15 ft. 4½ in.) than any other divine in history. He now hopes to clear a crossbar set at 16 ft., which is 4½ in. higher than the world record mark made in 1942 by fabulous Cornelius Warmerdam, the only 15-ft. vaulter on the books until Richards made it a year ago. Bob is also as strictly amateur as an athlete can be. With rockribbed integrity, he turns down all offers of "help" from meet promoters.

A Decathlon Natural. With his 50 straight victory last Dec. 30 in New Orleans' Sugar Bowl meet, vaulting Bob has



SEDGMAN & FIANCÉE
Still simon-pure.

practically nailed down a spot on the U.S. Olympic team for this summer's games in Helsinki—and not on his aerial prowess alone. Last May he gave a talk at Pasadena's John Muir College (subject: Christianity and athletics), dropped in two days later to enter a decathlon on the invitation of Muir's track coach. In the field events Richards turned out to be a natural, despite his lack of brawn (5 ft. 10 in., 163 lbs.). Two months later he won the National A.A.U. decathlon title, with a score of 7,834 points, fourth best on record. In this Olympic event, Parson Richards will rate second only to Stanford's



J. R. Eberman—LIFE
PARSON RICHARDS
Closer to heaven.

mighty Bob Mathias, the world record holder (8,642 points). Richards' self-set decathlon goal is 8,400 points—"with the help of God."

Parson Richards has not always relied on the Lord so strongly. In his sermons he recalls his boyhood in Champaign, Ill., when he wanted to become a boxer, loved violence and "was headed for juvenile delinquency." Luckily for him and the U.S. Olympic team, at 16 he fell for a girl who "wanted a Christian boy friend." After he was named second-team all-state quarterback and steered Champaign High School to the Illinois football championship, he spent 2½ years at Bridgewater College, a Church of the Brethren school in Virginia. Ordained a Brethren minister in 1946, he got married to another girl, now has two children, Carol Anne, 3, and Bobby, 21 months.

No Hiding Demon. On a University of Illinois scholarship, Bob picked up a master's degree in philosophy, meanwhile began competing under the colors of Chicago's Illinois Athletic Club, and has loyally done so ever since, even though he now lives in California.

As usual, Bob thanked the Lord when he got the Sullivan Trophy. But lest someone regard him as stuffily sanctimonious, he added: "I don't imply that God is any metaphysical demon hiding behind the nearest cloud, waiting to clutch at me and lift me over the crossbar . . . I mean psychological influence, which He exerts over all those who can search their souls and find there the strength to perform wonderful things."

Who Won

¶ The University of Maryland football team, rated No. 3 in the nation, over first-ranked Tennessee, 28-13, in New Orleans' Sugar Bowl. In other New Year's games: Illinois, one of the nation's best at the running game, outran Stanford's wild-passing "How Boys," 40-7, in Pasadena's Rose Bowl; Kentucky took to the air to beat Texas Christian University, 20-7, in Dallas' Cotton Bowl; Georgia Tech scored a touchdown and field goal in the last six minutes to beat Baylor University, 17-14, in Miami's Orange Bowl.

¶ Princeton's All-American Halfback Dick Kazmier, the annual Associated Press sportswriters' poll as the outstanding male athlete of 1951.

¶ Distance Star Fred Wilt, the two-mile event in a Knights of Columbus track meet, setting a world flat-floor record of 8 min. 59.5 sec.; in Brooklyn.

¶ Kansas' basketball team, rated No. 1 in the U.S., over Oklahoma, 71-48; Kentucky, perennial top-ranked team, over Mississippi, 116-58, for a Southeastern Conference scoring record; West Virginia over undefeated New York University, 100-75, in what was rumored to be West Virginia's last appearance in Madison Square Garden.

¶ Louise Suggs, the Jacksonville Women's Open golf tournament with a 54-hole score of 227.

* Hypothetical perfect score: 10,000 points.

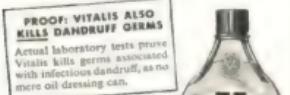
THE PRESS



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To Spread the Word

If the press were really a light to lighten the world, the world of 1952 would obviously be much less dark than it is. Nevertheless, journalists are educators, willy-nilly, and newspapers do more than colleges can to justify man's doings and dreams.

"The No. 1 problem in the world," says the New York *Times*'s Sunday editor, Lester Markel, "is to educate public opinion at home and abroad to bring about a better understanding among peoples." The key men for this job, Markel thinks, are the world's newspaper editors. Last year, having raised \$270,000 from the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, he founded the International Press Institute, which now has members all over the world. The I.P.I. has now set up national committees of editors in 24 countries, and a permanent director has taken over at the institute's headquarters in Zurich. The director: E. J. B. Rose, 42, formerly literary editor of the London Sunday *Observer* (circ. 430,000), an Oxford man who was an R.A.F. wing commander during the war and later manager of Reuters features.

One of Rose's chief tasks will be to run I.P.I.'s research projects into ways of improving international understanding. Biggest current project: to find out how the flow of news among countries can be improved. I.P.I. has sent out questionnaires to 500 newsmen in all the free countries of the world, and is preparing to review correspondents' files, wire-service reports and the play of dispatches in the newspapers.

If people all over the world were better informed about the other people they call foreigners, it should become a less fearful, if not braver world. That is the modest hope of Editor Markel and I.P.I.

The War Nobody Liked

When *Collier's* devoted a whole issue to defeating Russia, in its own preview of World War III ten weeks ago, it thought it had hit a journalistic jackpot. *Collier's* (circ. 3,150,000) sold an extra 500,000 copies (TIME, Oct. 29) and planned to cash in further by fighting "The War We Do Not Want" all over again in book form. By last week, the jackpot began to turn out wooden nickels. Simon & Schuster, which had contracted to publish the book, dropped the project. Reason: three of *Collier's* star "correspondents" in the war—Playwright Robert E. Sherwood, CBS Commentator Edward R. Murrow and U.A.W. President Walter Reuther—had decided that they didn't want their articles reprinted.

Sherwood, one of the top directors of U.S. psychological warfare in World War II, was astounded at the reaction that his lead article on the "history" of World War III stirred up in Washington. One State Department expert on Russia moaned that the *Collier's* issue might "wipe out all the good our propaganda may have accom-

plished in the past year." In Europe, non-Communist newspapers denounced *Collier's* for its "warmongering." Even the United Nations, in whose name *Collier's* fought the war, lodged an official protest against the magazine's use of the U.N. symbol.

In view of all this, Sherwood wrote Simon & Schuster's Dick Simon: "All of us who participated knew that we were running the risk that our motives might be widely misunderstood and misinterpreted, but it seemed a risk well worth running. The misinterpretation has certainly occurred, and I feel that it could only be increased . . . by book publication."

Ed Murrow, "noted CBS commentator [who] flew in the B-52 which A-bombed Moscow at midnight, July 22, 1953," was



Martha Holmes—Lies

JOURNALIST SHERWOOD
From a jackpot, wooden nickels.

in Paris when the special issue came out. "The net effect among my friends there," said Murrow last week, "was unfortunate."

Walter Reuther, whose article had described setting up "free" unions in liberated Russia, got a hot reaction from his brother Victor, who was in Europe on a union mission. Practically everybody Victor Reuther talked with was in violent objection to the entire series. Walter Reuther had hoped the series would produce some serious thoughts for peace. "The failure," he said in a letter to the *Nation*, "was due . . . in great measure to the terrifying and horrible scenes depicted in the art work."

Only *Collier's* was unwilling to admit that the issue was a bad idea. It still insisted last week that the only reason the book had been canceled was because reproducing the art work presented "mechanical and production difficulties." Said Dick Simon: "We hadn't planned to use the art work."

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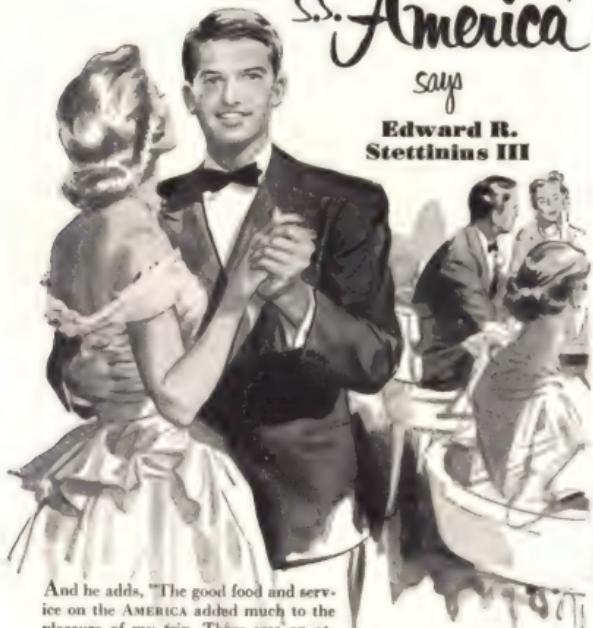
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YOUNG COLLEGE MAN, travelled, slightly peev'd and irked, not disenchanted, would relish hearing from bright young things with gay outlook, brilliant notions. Box 152-J.

Young College Men, Venturesome Lasses and Literate Gentlemen have long packed the *Saturday Review of Literature's* Personals with lonely heartthrobs and V-necked prose that made lively reading. But last week *S.R.L.*, with the air of a matron swearing off sweets, announced that it would print no more "advertisements inviting correspondence." Said the weekly: its circulation had grown too fat for it "to monitor [the ads] properly." In his Manhattan office, Publisher Jack Cominsky was more blunt. "These people," said he, "should be going to psychiatrists. Their ads represent an aspect of the magazine which it has outgrown."

The Personals were started in 1932 by Poet Louis Untermeyer, who wanted to sell a pet donkey. He sold the beast so quickly through an *S.R.L.* ad that other readers began inserting bright ads for old books, jobs and pen pals. Palship sometimes ripened into marriage. Lecturing in Tulsa once, Editor Norman Cousins was joyfully kissed by a young woman who gurgled that she had met her husband through a *Saturday Review* Personal; he had lived only four blocks away all the time. One woman who asked for male mail and signed herself "Oil Widow," was deluged with 800-odd letters.

Palship was not the only thing *S.R.L.* had outgrown. By adding reviews of phonograph records, art, theater, radio and movies and articles on travel and international affairs, *S.R.L.* had become more than a bookish magazine. Its circulation had risen from 32,000 to 110,000 in a decade and it was solidly in the black. With last week's issue, *S.R.L.* officially noted its broader outlook; it clipped the *of Literature* off its cover title. *S.R.L.*'s editors wanted to call the magazine the *Saturday Review* when it was founded in 1924, but the title was then used by a British magazine which has since folded.

A Bid for the Enquirer

When one newspaper in a city buys another, it is usually the big paper that takes over the smaller competitor. In Cincinnati last week, the roles were reversed. The smaller afternoon *Times-Star* (circ. 152,040) was ready to buy the first-place *Enquirer*, Cincinnati's biggest newspaper, (circ. 185,352 daily, 273,804 Sunday). The *Times-Star* and Scripps-Howard's Cincinnati *Post* (circ. 153,283) are neck & neck rivals for second place behind the *Enquirer*.

The 110-year-old *Enquirer*, Cincinnati's only morning and Sunday paper, has been on the market for more than three years (TIME, May 3, 1948). Since the death of Owner John R. McLean,* the *Enquirer*,

* Also one-time owner of the Washington Post and father-in-law of the late Evalyn Walsh McLean.

famed for its slogan "Solid Cincinnati Reads the Cincinnati *Enquirer*," has been held in trust for his heirs by Washington's American Security & Trust Co. The bank wanted to sell the paper; it thinks the newspaper market is at its peak. Last week, *Times-Star* Publisher Hulbert Taft, 74-year-old cousin of Senator Robert A. Taft, indicated that the bank probably would accept his bid for the *Enquirer* (rumored price: \$7,500,000). Said Taft: "It seems clear that the people of Cincinnati would prefer to have the *Enquirer* purchased by Cincinnatians rather than by some outside interests." The deal has to be approved by the Washington court that has jurisdiction over the estate.

Years ago, the solidly Democratic *Enquirer* and the unshakably Republican *Times-Star* glared at each other. But now they read like editorial sisters. The *Enquirer* threw over the Democrats to back



Portrait—Munsell
PUBLISHER TAFT
Solid in Cincinnati.

Landon in 1936, and has supported the *Times-Star's* part-owner (5%) Bob Taft in both of his senatorial campaigns. Bob Taft's 29-year-old son, Lloyd, is Cousin Hulbert's understudy at the *Times-Star*.

If the deal goes through, the *Enquirer's* 800 employees will move into the *Times-Star's* modern, 15-story tower and use the same composing room and presses. Nevertheless, Hulbert Taft promised that the venerable *Enquirer* will retain its identity and also the same management, staff and make-up, including its quaint, archaic headlines. Sample:

MASQUERADE!

HEALTH PLAN TAG

OF A MAJOR MAN IN OUTFITS
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"COMPELCTION" ALSO DERIDED
BY NEW CHAIRMAN AS
JUST NOT AMERICAN

Herefords Top the Market Over 81% of the Time!

Six-month survey of major livestock markets* reveals Hereford record!



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So popular are Herefords over the nation that whenever the average American thinks of beef cattle, he thinks of Herefords. Results of a recent survey of leading stockyards prove there is good reason for Hereford predominance. During a six-month period, packers paid the top price for Herefords more than four days out of five. Packer preference is well-known to Hereford men. Last year, purebred Hereford registrations were over two-and-a-half times the total registrations of other major beef breeds combined. Even so, demand for quality Herefords exceeds the supply. Opportunity awaits the investor in Herefords, America's "preferred stock".

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SCIENCE

Slingshot for Jets

When aircraft carriers of the U.S. Navy make ready to launch their planes, they turn into the wind and steam at high speed. But even with a stiff breeze whipping across the flight deck, attack bombers and jet fighters often need a large and cumbersome catapult to boost them up to flying speed. And on a hot, calm day, the thrust of this giant slingshot is barely enough to toss them aloft.

This week H.M.S. *Perseus*, light (12,265 tons) carrier of the Royal Navy, was en route to Philadelphia, prepared to demonstrate a new catapult designed to handle hefty modern aircraft. The new catapult has been tested for more than a year. Weights, dummies, pilotless planes and finally regular carrier craft have been flung into the air at speeds up to 135 knots—fast enough for flight even when the ship is riding at anchor.

Heart of the new launcher is a slotted cylinder through which a piston is driven by high-pressure steam from the main boilers. Even during steady use, the large demand for steam does not interfere with operation of the ship's turbines. Nearly every type of Britain's newest carrier planes has been catapulted, and enthusiastic pilots report that the launching is an entirely new experience. "It eases you up so beautifully," said a U.S. flyer attached to the Fleet Air Arm, "that you almost forget you're being catapulted."

Because the powerful new catapult should often make it unnecessary for a ship to steam into the wind for long periods to get its planes away, the British Admiralty expects it to revolutionize naval air tactics. If it works as well with heavy U.S. attack bombers and torpedo planes as it has in tests with lighter planes of the Fleet Air Arm, it will be installed as standard equipment in carriers of the British, Australian and Canadian navies, may also be adopted by the U.S.

Bones of Contention

Chinaside marines of the Old Corps had some strange responsibilities, but the colonel of the embassy guard in Peking suspected that chaperoning a collection of old bones was asking too much. Then Dr. Henry S. Houghton, director of Peking Union Medical College, explained what was in the boxes: the yellowed fossils were more than 500,000 years old, the only known remains of Peking man.⁶ It was a few days before Pearl Harbor in December 1941, and Chinese authorities were anxious to get the bones to the U.S. before they were seized by the Japanese.

The marines were none too sure that they would get out of China themselves. But they packed the bones with their own gear, shipped everything on the Manchurian

railway and planned to meet an American transport at the coastal town of Chinwangtao. A hospital corpsman was designated as escort for the bones, but the escort missed the train. A few days later marines, train, and transport were all in Japanese hands.

Diligent search by Japanese soldiers, who had been tipped off by a Tokyo anthropologist, failed to uncover the fossils. Postwar investigations by American scientists and marines were equally unsuccessful, although the searchers traced missing freight cars, ranged from Chinwangtao south to Tingtao, poked into long-sealed "godowns."

Sentimental Loss. Paleontologists felt little more than a sentimental sense of loss. Before Pearl Harbor, plaster casts had been made of the ancient bones and shipped to a number of Western museums.



American Museum of Natural History
SUZANNE

The marines were none too sure.

The cast of a female Peking cranium, fondly known as Suzanne, was built up into a composite skull. Then, early last spring, Dr. Pei Wen-chung, one of the men who found remnants of Peking man in a limestone cave at Choukoutien, sound off in the Chinese Communist newspaper, *Ta Kung Pao*. The Japanese had indeed captured the fossils, he said: they had been shipped to Tokyo, later seized by American forces and shipped to the U.S. Last week Dr. Yang Chien-kiang, head of the Chinese Institute of Anthropology at Peking, joined the chorus. Americans, he said, had stolen one of the world's paleontological treasures.

"Nonsense," retorted Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, head anthropologist at New York's Museum of Natural History. "What would we want them for? . . . It just makes good propaganda."

Mortal Remains. Speculating on what actually happened to the bones, American scientists remembered still another theory: they had gotten as far as Tientsin,



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Using plastics as the basic material and employing recently developed molding

techniques and machinery, manufacturers can now produce *large area moldings*, many with complicated and intricate designs, *in one operation*. The resulting reduction in assembly steps leads to more production per day at reduced cost. The design freedom, moldability and versatility of Styron, as well as the variety of formulations and built-in color that goes all the way through, are additional features attractive to progressive industries.

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hotels



- ✓ 1200 rooms, all outside
- ✓ 7 restaurants famous for fine foods
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where they were loaded on a lighter for transfer to an offshore freighter. The lighter capsized and the precious boxes either sank or drifted away.

As far as Dr. Shapiro is concerned, Drs. Pei and Yang are taking soundings, trying to goad American scientists into disclosing, if they know, the whereabouts of the fossils. But American scientists obviously do not know. The bones may have

been destroyed by ignorant Japanese soldiers, may lie at the bottom of Tientsin harbor or may still be waiting discovery in some godown. There is also a chance that they were pulverized and eaten by Chinese peasants, since "ground 'dragon's bones'" (fossils) have made strong medicine in China for centuries. In one form or another, the remains of Peking man are probably still in his native land.

THE THEATER

Old Musical in Manhattan

Pal Joey (book by John O'Hara; music and lyrics by Rodgers & Hart) had turned—in the eleven years since it first opened on Broadway—into a kind of music-comedy legend. It had only to be revived there last week to emerge as a kind of music-comedy classic. John O'Hara's book remains brilliantly alive; Richard Rodgers' score is still delightfully fresh.

The very thing that gives *Pal Joey* its distinction—its unabashed look at sordid doings—may always disconcert the people for whom music-comedy means moonlight & roses, or at any rate does not mean blackmail and kept men. O'Hara's account of a small-time heel with his naive boasts and shameless buttercup, and of the rich, man-eating tigress who loves him enough to keep him in style and stake him to a nightclub, who coolly leaves him before he can leave her, is vividly hard-boiled. For once, music-comedy plays with people rather than paper dolls, and shows them left in the lurch rather than led to the altar. (*Equally* raffish on the surface, *Guys and Dolls* is far more romantic underneath.)

This book that could very likely get by without music is blended with very fetching music indeed. In this next-to-last

of Rodgers & Hart's triumphs together, Rodgers' tunes were never suaver, wittier, more engaging—whether in such favorites as *Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered* and *I Could Write a Book* or in such a mocking female duet as *Take Him*. Seldom were Hart's lyrics brisker, brighter, more uninhibited, enabling Elaine Stritch—for one example—to stop the show with *Zip*, a spoof of a striptease.

Pal Joey is perfect heel-&-toe stuff which, while carving up Joey, both creates and burlesques raft of dance routines. What with the nightclub background, the second act possibly suffers from a take-off or so too many; but now as beforetimes Robert Alton's choreography has amazing liveliness, and the hoofing chorines are the jolliest bunch of girls in several seasons.

As Joey, Dancer Harold Lang—in a role that waved Gene Kelly to fame and filmdom—seems more squirt than heel. But he sings well, dances brilliantly, has a personality of his own. As Joey's benefactress, Vivienne Segal once again plays and sings with extraordinary ease, finish and charm. Mingling ugly facts with lovely tunes and abundant travesty, *Pal Joey* is a 20th century *Beggar's Opera*, which may conceivably be revived when *South Pacific* and the lost Atlantis are one.



VIVIENNE SEGAL & HAROLD LANG
Is he squirt or heel?

Bob Golby

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Our work starts almost a year ahead when field men check packers' estimates to learn how many cans will be needed for each crop. All during the growing season, our economists and other specialists keep a sharp eye on market conditions and weather trends that may affect the size of a crop or its ripening dates—and require a quick revision of can-making schedules.

Meanwhile, Continental production people are making certain that the Continental can plants will have the steel supplies, machines and workers needed to meet forecasted demands. Freight cars, motortrucks and shipping, too, must be provided . . . so that when the go-ahead signal comes, the billions of cans will reach packing centers right on time.

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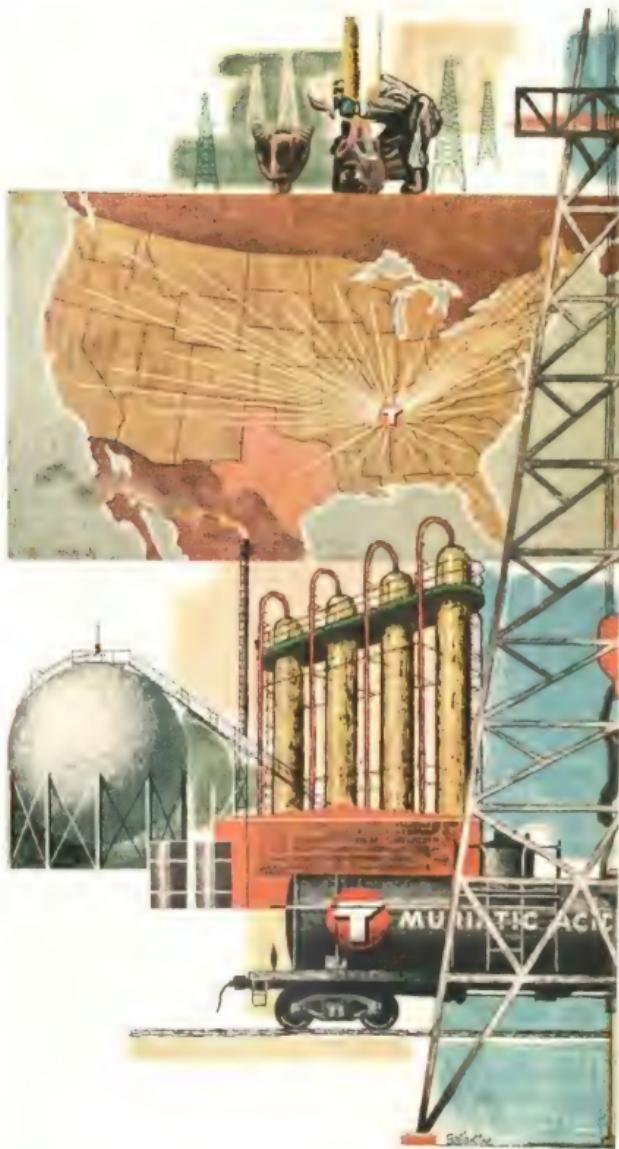


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EDUCATION

High Low

Out of 330,000 college students who took the draft deferment test last spring, 63% passed. Where did the brighter boys come from? Last week, after looking over the scores of a representative sampling of freshmen, President Henry Chauncey of the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, N.J., gave the answer:

Scores were higher above the Mason-Dixon Line. While well over half the Northerners passed, less than 40% of the Southerners did. The middle Atlantic states led with 60%. Low spot in the U.S.: the east south central states, with 32%.

Scores also varied according to fields. Top men were the engineers (68%), the physical science and mathematics students (each 64%). Students in the humanities fell below with 52%. Lowest field of all: education, with 27%.

SUNY's Second

When the trustees of the State University of New York began looking for a new president last spring, to succeed Alvin C. Eurich, they knew that they were offering no ordinary post. In its 2½ years, SUNY has become a prodigious piece of administrative machinery—the boss of eleven teachers' colleges, eleven technical institutes, seven professional colleges, two four-year liberal arts colleges, two medical schools.* It has a faculty of 3,000 and a budget of \$33 million. With 41,535 full- and part-time students, paying everything from \$800 to no tuition at all, it is the

* Among its more important campuses: the four-year Champlain College at Plattsburgh, the College of Medicine at Syracuse, the College of Medicine at New York City, the Maritime College at Fort Schuyler.



Wide World

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Mervin Slawson

CALIFORNIA'S HANCOCK & FRIENDS

Out of the tar pits.

second largest, and by far the most complicated, university in the U.S.*

The trustees had a good idea of the sort of man they wanted. He had to be young enough to stand constant travel, old enough to have had solid administrative experience. He also had to be something of a scholar. After looking over 75 candidates, the trustees last week announced their choice: William S. Carlson, 46, president of the University of Vermont.

The son of a Michigan mine operator, Carlson is a first-rate geologist who has taught at the University of Michigan, knows Eskimo, and is a veteran of two major expeditions to Greenland. In 1937 he joined the faculty of the University of Minnesota, served as professor and director of admissions until World War II called him to Washington. Finally, after three years as a top consultant on Arctic affairs, ex-Colonel Carlson was ready for a presidency—first at the University of Delaware, then at Vermont.

Both campuses found the genial six-footer an easy but able boss, with a knack for getting along with both professors and legislators. At Delaware, he awarded the university's first Ph.D., admitted its first Negro student. He set up a new department of biological sciences, a speech clinic, a psychological services center for veterans. In 1950, when his daughter's health demanded a change of climate, he accepted the top job at Vermont. There, he had scarcely hit his stride when the call came from New York.

As second president of SUNY, Carlson knows that his job will be different from that of any other president. His Albany office is not on any campus; and his small executive staff must rule, almost by remote control, over a bewildering array

* The largest: Manhattan's privately supported New York University (no kin to SUNY), with a total enrollment of 45,186.

of local presidents, provosts, deans and directors. But if Carlson sticks to his job, he may have the honor of running the biggest university in the nation—a planned-for 40,000 students by 1960.

"Keep Moving"

On any other campus, the new degree might have sounded fantastic. But not at the University of Southern California. As everyone knew, the man financing the degree and the four-year course behind it was none other than old Captain Allan ("Keep Moving") Hancock himself, the chairman of the board of trustees. Coming from him, a bachelor of science in the liberal arts with a major in television sounded perfectly natural.

Southern Californians have grown used to the captain's doings. At 76, he is a leathery, laconic philanthropist whose personal fortune has been a source of never-ending wonders. He is a marine biologist, an aviator, a sea captain, a locomotive engineer, an accomplished cellist. In his own way, he is also something of an educator.

Bits & Bones. The captain began being an educator shortly after his father died, leaving behind some 3,000 rich Los Angeles acres, but scarcely a penny in the bank. To help support his mother, young Allan started digging up the tar pits on his land, selling the tar as fuel and roof-patching. Gradually the pits began to yield something else—the well-preserved bones of ice-age animals, trapped in the tar many centuries ago.

Though only an average student in school, Hancock became fascinated by the bones, soon was reading everything he could on biology and anthropology. Meanwhile, he struck oil, wildcarded himself into more millions than he could count. After that, he was free to follow his interests wherever they led.

In addition to bones, marine biology began to fascinate him, and he decided he



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should have a mariner's license in order to explore the ocean himself. He joined the merchant marine, won his master's ticket, later fitted out a complete marine laboratory aboard a tuna clipper, and put it at the disposal of U.S.C. He also plunged into music, began buying up the finest cellos until he owned one of the best collections—Amati to Guarneri—in the world. When the Los Angeles symphony orchestra tumbled into the red, he reorganized it, filled up its coffers—and for two years played at its first cellos.

Sloths & Cadets. But his interests were anything but narrow. In 1928 he turned to aviation, backed two Australian pilots, Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Charles T. P. Ulm, in the first transpacific flight ever made. Then, at 53, he decided to learn to fly on his own. That same year, he founded a College of Aeronautics at Santa Maria, and later put that, too, at the disposal of U.S.C. During World War II, the college turned out more than 8,000 cadets, including eight of Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo raiders. Today it is one of the best schools of its kind in the U.S.

In spite of all his business activities—his oil wells, his real estate sales (Los Angeles' famed Miracle Mile was once his), his 4,000-acre farm, and the tiny Santa Maria Valley Railroad that he bought—the captain never let one of his hobbies lag. "Keep moving," he would say. "A man who gets caught behind a desk is apt to stay there." Out of his tar pits came every sort of ice-age animal to fill up Los Angeles museums, from imperial elephants and mastodons to giant sloths. Somewhere along the line, the captain also began collecting Audubons. Meanwhile, his collection of marine specimens (there is an *Agonostomus hancocki* Seale fish and a *Diploglossus hancocki* [Slevin] lizard) got so big that in 1938 he decided to start a Foundation for Scientific Research just to house them.

Mozart & a DC-3. Since then, the foundation has been at the heart of all Allan Hancock's activities. It gives out scores of scholarships to U.S.C. students each year, supports Hancock's floating marine laboratory and his 75,000-volume marine library. It operates a nonprofit radio station that is part of U.S.C.'s department of radio. Last week it took on TV, and next semester 35 U.S.C. television majors will start their first classes in programming and production.

The captain himself has supervised every detail of the new course—from buying the equipment to remodeling rooms for the studios in the foundation's building. But this activity has not absorbed all his energies. He still skips his ship on oceanic expeditions, still pilots his DC-3 from Los Angeles to Santa Maria, still plays Haydn and Mozart with his Hancock Trio, is still a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, still occasionally drives Engine 21 on the Santa Maria Valley Railroad. He has no notion whatever of retiring: "Some of my friends do, and invariably are dead within a year." For 1952, the captain's motto is still: "Keep moving."



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TIME, JANUARY 14, 1952

MEDICINE

Playing Politics?

Harry Truman's friends & foes were equally surprised last week by his appointment of a 15-man commission to study the nation's "total health requirements" and to report within a year on what should be done about them. The commission seemed to be a planned withdrawal from the Truman-Ewing "compulsory national health insurance" program, which had won the Administration few friends, made many enemies who denounced it as socialistic. Salient items in the new approach: As head of the commission, the President named Dr. Paul Budd Magnuson, 67, famed bone and joint surgeon, a crack organizer (as he showed in the Veterans Administration), an open foe of bureaucracy in general and of Truman's "compulsory health" program in particular.

The President gave Dr. Magnuson a free hand in picking the 14 other commission members, and his choices were plainly nonpolitical: four physicians, a nurse, a dentist, two labor leaders, a farmer-editor, three educators, a philanthropist and a consumers' representative.

Dr. Magnuson checked the idea in advance with the brasshats of the American Medical Association, got the impression that they approved it.

Within hours, the A.M.A.'s bigwigs began to act as though they had never heard of the plan before. Snapped Surgeon John W. Cline, the A.M.A.'s pushing, politicking president: "Another flagrant proposal to play politics with the medical welfare of the American people . . . Brazen misuse of defense emergency funds for a program of political propaganda, designed to influence legislation and the outcome of the 1952 election." Wisconsin's Dr. Gunnar Gundersen, an A.M.A. trustee who had halfway accepted a bid to serve on the commission, backed out hastily, saying it was designed "as an instrument of practical politics . . . a masquerade."

Dr. Magnuson called his commission together in Washington this week to begin figuring out how to boost the supply of doctors, dentists and nurses and spread them more evenly across the land; to set up more local public-health units; to speed medical research; to minister to the chronically ill and the aged; finally, to decide how all these services could best be paid for. Said Dr. Magnuson: "If the A.M.A. hierarchy devoted as much time to care of their patients as they do to political maneuvering, we'd all be better off."

Parents of the Blind

When a mother learns that her baby is blind, she usually reacts like a little girl taking care of a "sick" doll—the babies it, overprotects it, cushions it from bumps and bruises. Too often she feels shame and self-pity, and a vague sense of divine punishment. Chicago social workers had seen a lot of this: when they got the parents of a group of blind children together in 1948, they saw youngsters of four or five still

being bottle-fed and in baby carriages. Urged by the social workers, a few parents of blind children set out to see what could be done. Last week Parents of the Blind was incorporated in Illinois; it had 250 members, a bright record of three years' accomplishments, and an ambitious program for the future.

End of the World. President of the group and one of its most active members is Mrs. Robert G. Davidson, wife of a Chicago advertising man, who learned in June 1949 that her four-month-old daughter Patty was blind.* "What that meant to me," says Mrs. Davidson, "was that Patty would never be able to play like other children, never grow up to know the



Archie Lieberman

ELIZABETH & PATTY DAVIDSON
"Dip, slide, and in the mouth."

fun of dances, skating parties, sleigh rides. It was like the end of the world."

But then somebody told Mrs. Davidson about Parents of the Blind; she joined, soon became secretary, then president. All members have a double job: first, to learn from experts how to handle their own children; second, to reach other parents and pass the knowledge along. Mrs. Davidson showed how well she had learned when Patty began to walk at 16 months (many blind babies still crawl at 24 months). She learned to teach Patty to feed herself. "You stand behind the youngster," she explains, "and ease her into a regular rhythm—dip, slide, and in the mouth; dip, slide, and in the mouth." Last summer Mrs. Davidson got Patty, 2½, accepted in a nursery school with normal children.

Bumps & Bruises. The main thing, Parents of the Blind believe, is not to segregate their children; for this reason, they

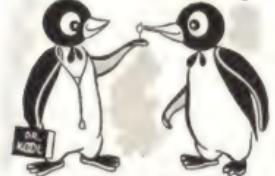
* A premature baby, Patty was a victim of retrolental fibroplasia (TIME, Aug. 20, 1949), an increasingly common cause of infant blindness.



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are fighting to get them into regular schools. Says Mrs. Davidson: "Most people are seeing people, and the sooner a blind child can be associated with them, the better for everybody." Another member, Mrs. Seymour Golden, emphasizes the need for teaching the children about their surroundings. "My little girl knows what a potato peeling is, what pans and spoons feel like," she says. "Of course I have to be careful that she doesn't get her hair caught in the mixer. But even when she falls downstairs, I know she's learned something important."

The bumps-and-bruises school has done wonders for the parents as well as the children. "You learn to quit feeling sorry for yourself," says Mrs. Davidson, "and to let your blind child develop. Best of all, you learn to quit shivering when somebody mentions the word 'blind.'"

Negro in Florida

The young Negro doctor, fresh from Nashville's Meharry Medical College, learned what he was up against as soon as he started to practice in Sanford, in the heart of Florida's orange-grove country. His first emergency was the case of a woman suffering from what he decided was a ruptured ectopic (outside the womb) pregnancy. When he arrived with the ambulance at the hospital, the head nurse, a white woman, demanded scornfully: "Who told you that you could make a diagnosis?"

Dr. George Henry Starke had to turn his patient over to the white doctor on duty; no Negro was allowed to practice in the biracial hospital. The white doctor let him sit in on the operation, which saved the woman's life, and confirmed Starke's diagnosis. When it was over, the head nurse snapped: "Well, you're the first Negro I ever saw that could make a diagnosis."

Depression Years. That was in 1927. This week Dr. Starke, 52, a veteran of 24 years' practice in Sanford (pop. 11,700), opened a new \$50,000 clinic (about half the cost came from his savings, the rest from a bank loan). Meantime, he had established a solid record of helping his race, and some white folks too. During the depressed 1930s, Dr. Starke formed a team with Seminole County's overworked public-health nurse, Mrs. Frances McDougal. Together they toured the county, treating hookworm and giving inoculations. Though he never offered his services to whites ("I didn't want to get into trouble"), many asked his help and got it free. In one depression year, Mrs. McDougal reckoned, Dr. Starke did \$27,000 worth of charity work; he got barely \$2,000 a year (plus oranges) to live on.

During his graduate studies at Chicago in 1937, Dr. Starke got early training in the use of sulfa drugs against pneumonia. Back in Sanford, he soon saw a serious case of double pneumonia and venturesomely tried sulfa. White doctors, including the one who was officially in charge of Starke's patient in the hospital, sneaked the charts out for a private look at the progress of a treatment which they had

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not yet dared to try. Says Dr. Starke: "If the sulfa hadn't worked, the ax would have fallen."

But it worked, and worked a double wonder: in a few weeks, the county medical society broke precedent by allowing precedent-making Dr. Starke to practice in the hospital. (Today he is still the only Negro with this privilege, caring for patients in one-third of the beds: 14 white doctors handle the rest.) In 1950, the Florida Medical Association elected George Starke as its first Negro member.*

Memorial Clinic. To serve his 5,000 patients scattered over an area 25 by 75 miles, Dr. Starke gets around in a Plymouth. His wife, mother of three (including boys at West Virginia and North Carolina State), enjoys the only family luxury; she drives a Cadillac. Dr. Starke's two-story clinic was laid out to fit his busy practice. The 40-seat waiting room



Perry Bremer
DR. GEORGE HENRY STARKE
Free service for whites.

is bigger than the doctor's office and examination rooms combined, though he has found space for almost \$14,000 worth of X-ray, hydrotherapy, physiotherapy and other specialized equipment.

Said a white physician in Sanford: "That clinic is a memorial to his ability as a physician." But even as Dr. Starke was getting ready to move into it, he got a sharp reminder that his position is unusual among Florida Negroes. Last week he was called from bed to a patient with a blood clot in the lung. He gave her stimulants and anti-coagulants, to no avail. Next day, she died. She was Harriette Moore, second victim of the lynchers' bomb which had already killed her husband, Harry Moore, State head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (TIME, Jan. 7).

* The second: his brother, Lancaster Conway Starke, 50, who practices in DeLand, 10 miles from Sanford.



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ART

The School of Severino

At the age of eleven, Severino Guidi, an Italian farm boy, can boast a string of accomplishments most artists do not achieve in a lifetime. He has won top prizes in national and international exhibitions, displayed work in Paris, Cairo, New York and Honolulu. He has been the subject of a documentary film. He has launched his own art movement. At his first Rome show last week, the dark-eyed youngster shyly received the personal congratulations of a group of distinguished



Howard Friedman

SEVERINO GUIDI
Before eleven, a success.

Romans, including Writers Carlo Levi and Alberto Moravia, Sculptor Pericle Fazzani and Painter Afro Bassadella.

Severino's art career began four years ago when, aged seven, he walked off with top prize for Italian entrants at an internationals children's art show in Milan. Ever since then, Severino's intricate pen & ink studies of such subjects as lizards, snails, fish, insects, flowers, vegetables and bike races have kept right on winning prizes in juvenile art shows at home and abroad. Severino's classmates at the village grammar school in Sant' Arcangelo soon caught the fever, formed a hard-painting little group known as "the School of Severino." Paramount Films did a movie short about the youthful artists. In last year's ECA International Child Art Competition (TIME, Sept. 24, 1951), several of the top prizes in Italy went to adherents of the School of Severino.

When Severino graduated last summer, it looked for a while as though his blooming artistic career might be cut cruelly short. His father, a poor tenant farmer, could not afford the \$235. for tuition and expenses, to send Severino to art school in nearby Urbino (where Raphael was born

in 1483). Rome Art Dealer Gaetano Chiaruzzi, informed of Severino's plight, offered his gallery for a show of Severino's drawings plus a sampling of the most distinguished works of the Severino School, all proceeds to go to the artists to "study and grow up."

By week's end Severino's pictures were a sellout, his schooling virtually assured. Said Italy's leading art weekly, *La Fiera Letteraria*: "There is an inspirational force and power of imagination here which we have never seen in other exhibitions of the kind." Gallery Director Chiaruzzi immediately began making plans to send the show on to Milan and Paris. Severino took his early success calmly. Looking for the first time at the work of another successful artist, 70-year-old Pablo Picasso, he observed: "Why, he doesn't even know how to draw. He must be a lot younger than I am."

Spectator Painter

John Sloan, who died last summer at 80, was one of America's best painters. This week Manhattan's Whitney Museum opens a retrospective show of his work that brings Sloan vividly back to life.

In his old age he was a bony man who peered warmly at the world through spectacles, talked much, and puffed a pipe for punctuation. "I'm birdlike, yes," he would say, "but so is the American eagle." He painted steadily until death, because that was his chief joy and also because he knew he still had a lot to learn about painting. A born teacher, he never stopped studying: "I am just a student, chewing on a bone."

His formal schooling stopped at 16. Sloan was a poor boy with an itch to make pictures but without much obvious talent ("My sisters and I all drew equally well"). To support himself, Sloan designed calendar and valentines, sold pen & ink copies of Rembrandt etchings. At 21 he went to work for the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, making on-the-spot news sketches of fires, elections, suicides and parades. The job helped him develop drawing facility, and gave him a down-to-earth philosophy of art: "An artist is a spectator."

Ashcan School. The job also brought him in contact with a small but brilliant group of Philadelphians who shared his attitude. Their leader was Painter Robert Henri; the others were newspaper illustrators: William Glackens, Everett Shinn and George Luks. All of them eventually moved to Manhattan and set up shop.

Critics and public alike gave them the horselaugh. The art fashion of the 1900s was as opposed to realism as it is today. Now, abstractions are the rage; then, art in the U.S. was spelled with a capital A and stood for dreamy, academic idealizations. The lively glimpses of real people, places and things that Sloan and his friends painted struck art lovers as ugly. The group was scornfully dubbed "The Ashcan School."

Within a decade the Ashcan revolution

had been swallowed up in a greater one. The famed Armory show of 1913 (which Sloan helped arrange) introduced School-of-Paris art to the U.S., made stay-at-homes like Sloan seem relatively conservative. "The ultra-modern movement," Sloan later recalled, "was wonderful medicine for adults. But since then the kids have raided the medicine cabinet—and for them, it's drugs."

After being damned for Ashcan art, Sloan was praised by conservatives as a painter of the "American scene." That pleased him little more: "As though you didn't see the American scene whenever you opened your eyes! I am not for the American scene, I am for mental realiza-



Berenice Abbott

JOHN SLOAN
After 48, a sale.

tion. If you are American and work, your work will be American."

Professional Fun. Sloan never sold a painting until he was 49. In a book of notes entitled *The Gist of Art*, Sloan hammers home the point that art is a life, not a living. "The only reason I am in the profession is because it is fun. I have always painted for myself and made my living by illustrating and teaching. Some of the etchings and a few paintings made 20 years ago sell now and then, but . . . if what I am doing now were selling I would think there was something the matter with it."

The paintings of Sloan's last 20 years are still unpopular. They lack the unbuttoned ease of his early, reportorial pictures. In age he stuck largely to studio nudes, developed a new and weird technique of circling the painted flesh with hundreds of scratchy red pin stripes to "clinch the form."

Sloan's more realistic works now seem part of a vanished age, but their humanity will never date. Technically they are expert, and in such nostalgic pictures of Manhattan as *The Lafayette* (reproduced opposite) the luminous depth of their



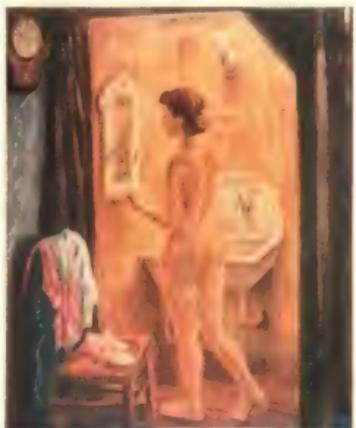
JOHN SLOAN'S "THE LAFAYETTE" (1927)

Metropolitan Museum of Art



"PIGEONS" (1910)

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



"MODEL IN DRESSING ROOM" (1933)

Estate of John Sloan



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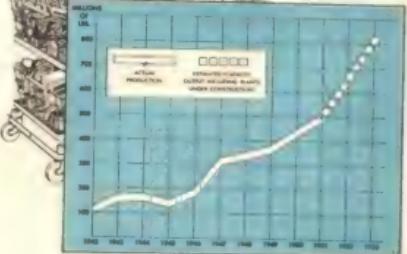
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color goes beyond mere expressiveness. Yet simplicity and warmth are the main elements of Sloan's art, which makes it hard to criticize. John Sloan himself guessed that "maybe the reason I haven't made a greater position in the history of art is that I am not sufficiently critical of my own work. Like one of those women in the park with a baby, I am proud of it."

Place of Honor

During his long career Sculptor Jacob Epstein, 71, has occasionally tried his hand at religious subjects. To the orthodox, the results have usually seemed artistically outrageous, if not downright blasphemous. Epstein's phallicphoric *Adam* was denounced as pornography; his *Jacob and the Angel*, billed as "the world's greatest



EPSTEIN'S "LAZARUS"
From insult to homage.

shocker," went on tour in an artistic peep-show; G. K. Chesterton took one look at his square, squat *Ecce Homo*, then thundered at it as "one of the greatest insults to religion I've ever seen."

Last week, without fanfare or controversy, Epstein was about to place one of his religious works in a church. The work: an ungainly but powerful white stone figure of *Lazarus*. The church: the 14th century Gothic chapel at New College, Oxford. The deal was closed when New College Warden Alec Halford Smith, in Epstein's studio to sit for a portrait bust, admired the *Lazarus*, decided to buy it on the spot. No financial details were disclosed, except that a "substantial" check was sent to the artist. Back at Oxford, New College officials were so pleased that they planned to give the statue a place of honor among the trophies of 14th century College Founder William of Wykeham.



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Wm. Shakespeare

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The Masked Rider

With a thunder of hoofs and a "Hi-yo, Silver . . . awa-ay!", *The Lone Ranger* this week gallops headlong into his 20th year on radio. As a reward for fighting virtue's fight in comic books, cartoon strips and on TV (Thurs., 7:30 p.m., ABC) as well as radio (Mon., Wed., Fri. 7:30 p.m., ABC), the masked rider grosses \$5,000,000 a year. Most of the profits go to George W. Trendle, 67, a Detroit businessman (movie theaters, radio stations) who had the original idea for the *Ranger*.



THE LONE RANGER (UNMASKED)
A thrill for Bernard Baruch.

back in 1932. His formula for the show was so surefire that it has not been tampered with since.

Basically, the *Ranger*'s five writers are guided by a short list of "do's," e.g., the *Ranger* always speaks good English, is always on the side of law & order, and a longer list of "don'ts," e.g., the *Ranger* never smokes, swears, drinks, shoots to kill, has love affairs, uses slang or does any wrong of any kind.

Says Trendle: "Without detracting from the thrill and excitement, we try to convey a message that subtly teaches patriotism, tolerance, fairness and respect for the rights of all men." On the air, the sponsored by General Mills' *Lone Ranger* is so strait-laced that he "avoids commercialism during the entertainment feature." Off the air, like his great rival, Hopalong Cassidy, he relaxes to the extent of endorsing some 70 commercial products, from wallpaper and hats to schoolbags and harmonicas.

Despite many public appearances—he drew 48,000 people in Miami's Orange Bowl and 100,000 to Detroit's Belle Isle—the Lone Ranger is seldom identified as a 49-year-old actor named Bruce Beemer, who stands 6 ft. 3, weighs 195 lbs., and raises saddle horses on his Michigan farm. Like Tredline and Script Director Francis Striker, Beemer has been with the show since its inception. He served as program narrator during the five years when Actor Earle Graser, who died in 1947, played the Lone Ranger.

As a clean-living folk hero, the Ranger has been applauded by Boy Scout councils, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, parent-teachers' associations, and such notables as Vice President Alben Barkley, U.N. Delegate Warren Austin, J. Edgar Hoover (*"The Lone Ranger is one of the greatest forces for juvenile good in the country"*), and Bernard Baruch (*"The same thrill I got as a boy reading Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger"*). Creator Tredline offers his own recipe for the show's long life: "It is just plain, good, healthy American entertainment which will not offend anyone, because there is just nothing in it to criticize."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 11. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Short Story (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Dramatization of James Cain's *Dead Man*.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Così Fan Tutte*, with Steber, Thebom, Munsell.

Vancouver Symphony (Sun. 6:30 p.m., ABC). Broadcast from Canada. Soloist: Pianist Solomon.

You and the World (Mon. 6:15 p.m., CBS). Bertrand Russell speaks on "Happiness in a Changing World."

America's Town Meeting of the Air (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC). "How Can We Protect Citizens Behind the Iron Curtain?" Speakers: Robert Vogeler, Senators John Sparkman and George A. Smathers, Representative Jacob Javits.

TELEVISION

RCA Victor Show (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). Ezio Pinza, with Margaret Truman.

Down You Go (Fri. 9 p.m., Du Mont). A literate and frequently amusing quiz show.

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). *Billy Budd*, with Walter Hampden—Chester Morris.

Football (Sat. 4:30 p.m., NBC). All-star professional football.

Basketball (Sat. 9 p.m., ABC). North-western v. Purdue.

Television Workshop (Sun. 4 p.m., CBS). *Don Quixote*, with Boris Karloff, Jimmy Savo.

I Love Lucy (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). A broad, often funny comedy series with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Bernard Shaw's *Cashed Byron's Profession*, with Charlton Heston, June Lockhart.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Stretching the Boom

From Mobilization Boss Charlie Wilson this week came word of a significant change in the arms program. Said Wilson, in releasing his fourth quarterly report: instead of leveling off in 1953, as originally planned, the program will be stretched out. Some of the program will not reach its peak until 1955.

In part, the change of policy is merely recognition of the fact that arms production is woefully behind schedule. But the real significance is political. Arms production could be put on schedule by a tighter squeeze on civilian goods. That, however, would disrupt large segments of the economy, and in an election year, nobody, least of all Harry Truman, wants to do that. The President, in fact, is planning a \$10 billion cut in the requested military budget for the next fiscal year (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Despite this planned cut, Wilson insisted that he still viewed rearmament as a \$50 billion-a-year affair (1951 obligations: \$45 billion)—apparently for another three years. Some military goals, he said, would probably even be raised—and that was why the program was being stretched out.

The new stretch-out policy will have a profound effect on the entire economy. Many a manufacturer who has planned to hit peak output in 1953, and then cut back sharply, will have his schedules revised. The original peak will not be reached, but production will continue longer at the lower level, and there will be fewer cutbacks. In short, it looked now as if the armament-based boom would last much longer than most businessmen had thought.

AGRICULTURE

The Cackle King

Poultry men, who count their chickens after they are hatched, last week got a big surprise. Totting up preliminary results of chicken raising for 1951, they figured that Georgia had become the No. 1 chicken-producing state in the nation, passing Delaware, which has been the biggest producer for six years. Georgia, which has boosted chicken output some 5,000% in the last ten years, gained nearly 50% last year alone, to a record production of 92 million birds. It was the latest example of the South's burgeoning business enterprise.

The man responsible for Georgia's clucking, cackling boom is Jesse D. Jewell, 49, who started raising chickens in a rickety wooden shed, 16 years ago. Today, with 2,000,000 chickens under his wing, Jesse Jewell, according to trade-association estimates, is the biggest U.S. chicken raiser. Every week, 30 carloads of chicken feed, worth \$90,000, roll into Jewell's Gainesville headquarters; every week 150,000



Margaret Bourke-White-Life

JESSE JEWELL

Under his wing, 2,000,000.

chickens, killed and dressed, roll out to U.S. and foreign outlets. Last year Jewell grossed \$12 million.

Feeding & Breeding. Jewell was practically forced into the chicken business after he went to work selling feed in his mother's feed, seed and fertilizer business. When he couldn't sell the feed to the poor farmers of the area, he borrowed \$6,000 from a local bank, raised a flock of chickens on the unsold feed, and sold them at a profit.

Jewell expanded, broadening his markets by eviscerating his birds and ship-



Fach Bros.

HOWARD ALLER
Over his head, a death sentence.

ping them fully dressed, packed in ice. As volume grew, Jewell enlisted the aid of banks and feed companies to set up a system which enabled North Georgia's farmers, who were too poor to finance a business of their own, to go into business with him. Other big processors, such as Swift and Wilson, moved into the area and copied Jewell's method.

Jewell ships out chicks to nearly 1,000 farmers in eleven counties, provides them with feed, on credit. After the birds are fattened, Jewell takes them back, paying the farmers on the basis of weight gained. His rule of thumb: an average flock of 1,000 chicks should attain a live weight of 2½ lbs. apiece in eleven weeks, on 9,000 lbs. of feed. For this standard performance, the farmer nets \$125. If more feed is used, the farmer is docked; if less, he gets a premium.

Jewell extended this lend-lease system to breeder-flocks, now has 54 farm families tending chickens that lay 165,000 New Hampshire Red eggs a week for Jewell's Gainesville hatchery. By carefully controlled feeding and breeding, he has eliminated the seasonal swings in laying, keeps his processing plant humming at capacity the year round.

30 Below Zero. Jewell's trucks keep up a constant exchange of baby chicks for fattened broilers. After a final 36 hours of heavy feeding, the broilers are hung on a moving belt in Jewell's processing plant and killed, plucked, cleaned and rolled into a tunnel, where they are frozen stiff for shipping by a blast of 30-below-zero wind at 40 m.p.h. Jewell wastes little of the chicken. From the insides he makes soap oil and "tankage," which goes back into feed. From feathers he makes fertilizer.

With meat prices sky-high and chicken down 25% in the past three years, Jesse Jewell and other big chicken raisers are sitting pretty. Since the nation has increased its appetite for chicken from 100 million to 750 million birds a year, chicken men see no reason why the cackle boom should not be permanent.

UTILITIES

Power Politics

In the Pacific Northwest, where hydroelectric power is king, a fierce battle for the throne rages between private and public power companies. But private power is fast losing out. The biggest private company in Washington, Puget Sound Power & Light, nine months ago sold a \$66.9 million chunk of its facilities to the city of Seattle, which is now trying to unload the rest in one \$97 million package to seven tax-free Public Utility Districts. "The P.U.D.s are crucifying private operators," says Puget Sound Power President Frank McLaughlin, and fighting them "is like trying to live in a house while the workmen are tearing it down."

Last week the second biggest private



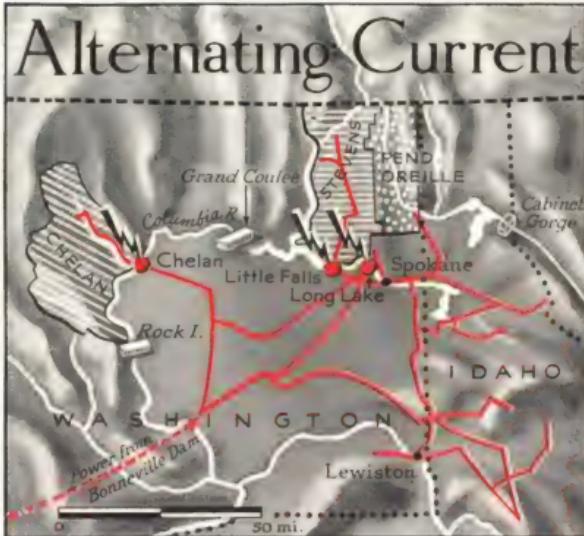
Sales Volume Shows Steady Gain! Ice Cream Manufacturer Praises Frigidaire Ice Cream Cabinets

COBLESKILL, NEW YORK—"Our choice of Frigidaire Ice Cream Cabinets to serve our local outlets has proved profitable at both wholesale and retail levels," says Monty Allen, owner of Schoharie Valley Ice Cream, on Main Street. "The independent grocers to whom we furnish Frigidaire Cabinets, usually net an extra \$75 or \$85 a month on packaged ice cream alone! This without too much effort—as the self-service feature of the cabinets is a natural sales-builder."



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TIME Map by J. Donovan

company in the state, Washington Water Power, was getting ready to sell out, too. Washington Water Power, whose 113,500 customers are served by a network of dams, lines and power stations covering all of eastern Washington and sweeping into northern Idaho, made a deal to sell its holdings for \$65 million to three P.U.D.s in Washington's Chelan, Stevens and Pend Oreille counties (*see map*).

Shortgun Sale. To some extent, it was a shotgun sale. American Power & Light Co., which owns Washington Water Power, must get rid of its subsidiary under the "death sentence" of the Public Utilities Holding Company act. American Power & Light could comply simply by turning its subsidiary over to the stockholders. But Howard Aller, American's president, doesn't want to do that. He has found he can make a fat profit by selling his companies into socialism. Although the book value of Washington Water Power is only \$37 million, the P.U.D.s are so eager to buy that they are willing to pay almost twice that much. They think they can afford to do so because they pay no federal taxes, thus can afford to carry a big bonded debt.

Aller is an old hand at making a profit from public power. Seven years ago, he and Guy C. Meyers, a utilities promoter who specializes in private-into-public-power deals (TIME, Jan. 8, 1945), sold America's Nebraska Power Co. to a public-power group for \$14 million. (Meyers' fee: \$500,000.)

Aller's deal with the P.U.D.s still faces a long legal battle before it can be finally okayed. Last week more than a dozen protests came from stockholders and state politicians, who bitterly oppose public power.

er. The same kind of opposition has blocked the sale before. But this time Aller thinks his plan is nearly foolproof. One big obstacle in the past was Idaho's law banning out-of-state public ownership of utilities. Aller hopes to get around that obstacle by selling the Idaho property separately to a nonprofit corporation.

Palace Revolt. Aller will get no help in his deal from his chief executive on the spot, Washington Water Power's President Kinsey Robinson, 56. Robinson is dead set against his boss's plan. An all-round utility man who started as a lineman when he was 17, Robinson thinks Washington Water Power should be turned over to its stockholders. He argues that private power can still compete with the P.U.D.s in the Northwest, and his strongest point is Washington Water Power itself. Its rates are competitive with the P.U.D.s and its earnings have stayed on an even keel. In 1950 Robinson started Washington Water Power on its biggest expansion program in more than 20 years. Though few utilities men thought he could do it, Robinson raised money for a \$40 million, 200,000-kw. dam now building at Cabinet Gorge, on Idaho's Clark Fork River.

Robinson thinks that the P.U.D.s are headed for trouble. Because of rising costs and inefficient management, he thinks they will soon have to raise their rates. On the other hand, says Robinson, "We can make money; no one ever accused me of trying to run an eleemosynary institution."

Slow Death? But the dice are still loaded in favor of the P.U.D.s. More than 60% of all electric consumers in Washington are getting their current from them.

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Using their right to condemn private-power facilities, the P.U.D.s have whitewashed away at private power. They also get first call on federal power from Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams. Nevertheless, even the P.U.D.s have started to worry about the inflated prices they are paying for private-power properties and their dependence on federal power. They have begun to face the fact that one day Bonneville Dam may raise its rates, or Grand Coulee's power may be piped off to northern California. If that happens, the P.U.D.s will have to buck federal control, just as private power companies in the Northwest have fought the P.U.D.s.

"Audacious Nationalism"

In Spain's sleepy provincial town of Reus, Judge Alfredo Fournier has spent most of his 15 years on the bench settling peasants' disputes over stray pigs. Last week, nervous Judge Fournier had a much bigger job: he auctioned off the \$56 million Barcelona Traction, Light & Power Co., Ltd., which controls Spain's biggest public utility. As everyone expected, it went to crafty old Juan March, onetime tobacco smuggler who has become Spain's biggest businessman.

Barcelona Traction was developed by an international electrical syndicate long headed by North Carolina-born Dannie Heineman, 79, a globetrotting engineer who has built electric and street car systems all over Europe and South America. At the end of Spain's civil war, during which all currency exchange was blocked, March began grabbing for Barcelona Traction. He got his great & good friend Francisco Franco to continue the ban on the export of the company profits to its Canadian headquarters. Without the profits, Heineman could not pay the interest on Barcelona's bonds, which are all held outside Spain, and they accordingly tumbled in price. March snapped them up.

In 1948, after Barcelona Traction had been charged with "irregularities," such as smuggling out capital in violation of the freeze, March struck the death blow, got Franco's courts to declare Barcelona bankrupt. Since Heineman's group held all of Barcelona's common shares in Canada, the court ordered "duplicate" shares printed in Spain. Last week's court formality at Reus was to auction off these counterfeit shares to the highest bidder. The only bidder turned out to be Juan March's lawyer, who bought control of the big utility for 10 million pesetas (\$100,000).

The buyer had to pledge to pay off £11 million sterling in delinquent interest to Barcelona's bondholders. To Buyer March that will be a pleasure, since he owns all the bonds and thus will pay £11 million to himself out of Barcelona's fat profits. Spain's Dictator Franco, who would like to get U.S. venture capital to back projects in Spain, has hailed March's capture of Barcelona Traction as "audacious nationalism." It was so audacious it would probably scare U.S. risk capital away from Spain for a long time to come.

QUAKER

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PRICES

Potato Trouble Again

In eight years, the Agriculture Department spent more than half a billion dollars trying to keep up the price of potatoes. It burned them, gave them away, let them rot and tried dozens of other schemes of destruction. Finally, a year ago, Congress forced it to give up and let the law of supply & demand take over. When all subsidies were withdrawn, farmers cut their potato acreage, since many of them had not been raising potatoes for consumers, but only to sell to the Government for destruction. As supply decreased, demand increased, and the price of potatoes more than doubled.

Last week, the Government decided to monkey with potatoes again, this time because the price was too high. It had reached more than 105% of parity and OPS Boss Mike Di Salle can control any farm products above parity. He rolled back white potato prices 5% to 26% at farm and wholesale levels and will soon follow with similar rollbacks at retail levels. Potato growers promptly protested. They thought that supply & demand would cure the high prices just as they had the low. Their sensible argument: to cash in on the high prices, potato growers would soon raise so many potatoes that the U.S. would have a glut again—and prices would drop.

AVIATION

A Rescue for Martin

Baltimore's Glenn L. Martin Co., which has built many of the Navy's search planes, last week was itself the object of a naval rescue party. Although it has more than \$400 million of defense orders on its books, Martin does not have enough working capital to keep going. One reason: it was hard hit in the postwar collapse of the airplane industry. Another: it took such heavy losses on its new 40-4 transport, which it sold to Eastern Air Lines and TWA for too low a price, that its 1950 net of \$3.1 million turned into an estimated 1951 loss of more than \$20 million.

Under the rescue plan announced by Secretary of the Navy Dan Kimball last week, Martin will get up to \$32 million from R.F.C., Eastern, TWA and a group of banks—notably Manhattan's Chase and Pittsburgh's Mellon. The banks will "bring in new top personnel to strengthen the company's management." But other planemakers thought that "strengthening," whatever that means, might not be enough. What Martin needed, they thought, was a new management.

OIL & GAS

Price Boost

Few U.S. industries have grown faster than natural gas in the last five years, largely because gas was so much cheaper than coal. Last week, the Federal Power Commission switched on a green light for gas prices to go shooting up. FPC approved a 15% rate boost (\$11.4 million) for Ten-

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As makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years, and as makers of the only shaving preparations containing EXTRACT OF LANOLIN, we know there's not a better brushless preparation on the market. Get a tube today, and see for yourself. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Charles Campbell
PRESIDENT

Tennessee Gas Transmission Co., one of the biggest U.S. gas pipelines. Thus FPC signified that it will okay a large part of \$93 million in other boosts which 28 additional companies are seeking. As a sample of what this may mean to the consumer, Michigan Consolidated Gas Co. has already asked Michigan's rate board for an 18% hike in its rates to homeowners and industries.

Some 20% of the rise was made necessary by price boosts already made by producers who sell to Tennessee. The rest was caused by higher wages, federal and state income taxes and a new "gathering" tax imposed by Texas, which brings in \$1,000,000 a month in revenue. The rise was far from enough to close the gap between gas and coal prices. But now that gas prices have started up, the ailing coal industry had hopes of winning back some of its lost markets.

Lone Wolf

The Federal Power Commission got a new chairman last week, and private utilities may soon be painfully aware of him. The new appointee of President Truman: Fair Dealing Commissioner Thomas C. Buchanan, 56, successor to Mon C. Wallgren, an old Truman crony who resigned for "personal reasons." Buchanan, a former commissioner of Pennsylvania public utilities, was appointed to FPC in 1948 against the protest of the oil & gas lobby. He had been a stubborn fighter against rate raises, and oil & gas men raised such a row that his confirmation barely squeaked through the Senate.

As a Commissioner, Buchanan opposed the oilmen's favorite piece of legislation, the Kerr bill, which would have exempted gas sold at the wellhead from FPC control. Last year, when FPC ruled that it had no jurisdiction over the prices of gas in the field (TIME, July 30), Buchanan was the lone dissenter. Even in voting for last week's rate increase (see above), he issued a separate opinion arguing that gas producers should not be allowed to put escalator clauses in their contracts with pipeline companies.

RAILROADS

The Human Touch

When he became president of the Southern Railway System 14 years ago, Ernest Eden Norris set a goal for himself: humanize the railroad. A longtime railroader who got his start as a telegrapher, Norris had a brash air about him, a funny story for every occasion and a firm belief in the Southern's slogan: "Look ahead—look South!" But the Southern needed more than humanizing; it was deep in debt and losing money fast. Norris decided to fix that, too.

He set up a traveling office in two private railroad cars, with dining room and living quarters, spent most of his time riding the Southern's 7,571 miles of rails in 13 states. Once was he temporarily sidetracked; his private cars were in a train wreck near Atlanta, in which Norris suffered a fractured skull and broken leg.



John Zimmerman

ERNEST EDEN NORRIS
He'll keep his sanity.

He hustled business personally among big & little shippers, helped lure scores of new industries to set up shop along the line. Norris' humanizing efforts took another form. Whenever he breezed into one of the Southern's branch offices, he gave women employees a fatherly kiss. Said Norris: "Who ever saw a railroad president before I started traveling around?"

Norris' tactics paid off. In his regime, the Southern's freight volume doubled, its net jumped to \$22 million. Norris also managed to cut the Southern's debt by \$120 million, including \$32 million owed to the RFC which he had vowed he would pay off "dollar by dollar," if necessary. Last week, after half-a-century of railroading, 69-year-old Ernest Norris stepped up to the post of chairman.

Making his first trip in the road's two-car presidential office was Harry Ashby DeButts, 56, a topflight operating man who has spent all his business life with the Southern. A graduate of Virginia Military Institute (1916), DeButts went straight to work with a pick & shovel on the tracks, hit almost every rung of the ladder on the way up. In 1937 President Norris made DeButts vice president in charge of operations.

In this job, he bossed the road's switch to diesel locomotives, which he calls "the greatest single railroad improvement in modern times." When the switch is completed in March, Southern will have 8,471 diesels. DeButts now plans to turn his efforts toward modernizing yards and streamlining freight handling. Says he: "Every time a train enters an old-fashioned yard, before it can get out on the line again, the average competing truck has made a couple of hundred miles on the highway."

Chairman Norris will still help keep an eye on things from a new one-car moving office of his own. Says he: "If I didn't keep traveling I'd go crazy."

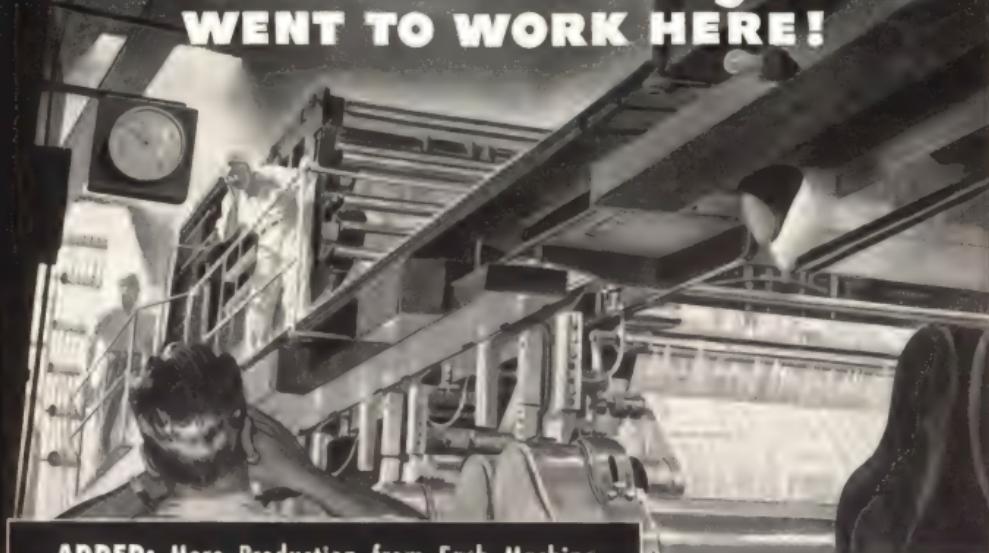
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the plant engineers. After a month's test on one press an Alemite Mechanized Lubrication System was installed on all five machines in the plant at a total cost of only \$2,471.

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MILESTONES

Married. Phoebe Atwood Taylor, 42, writer of mystery chillers with a Cape Cod setting (*Deadly Sunshade*); and Dr. Grantley Walder Taylor, 54, Boston physician; she for the first, he for the second time; in Providence.

Married. Marriner S. Eccles, 61, Utah banker and sound-currency chairman of the Federal Reserve System's board of governors from 1936 until President Truman demoted him in 1948, and one of the architects of New Deal finance; and Mrs. Sara Madison Glassie, 43, of Chevy Chase, Md.; both for the second time; in Manhattan.

Died. Victor Alexander John Hope, 2nd Marquess of Linlithgow, 64, Viceroy of India for a record 6½ years (1936-43); of coronary thrombosis while shooting game on his estate near South Queensferry, Scotland. An old-fashioned peer who believed that the aristocracy has responsibilities as well as privileges, Lord Linlithgow distinguished himself as a soldier (commander of a Royal Scots battalion in World War I), politician (deputy chairman of Scotland's Conservative Party), businessman (chairman of Midland Bank) and educator (Chancellor of Edinburgh University). As Viceroy of India, he faced with frosty courage his double troubles of constitutional changes and organizing the country for war; he jailed Gandhi and Nehru, suspended the constitution he had helped bring to India, organized an army of 2,000,000, administered what Churchill called "a glorious final page in the story of our Indian Empire."

Died. Joseph ("Jo") Davidson, 68, bearded portrait sculptor of celebrities (Madame Chiang Kai-shek, D. H. Lawrence, Lloyd George, F.D.R., Gandhi, Mussolini), sometime political dabbler (co-chairman of the Progressive Citizens of America in 1947, co-chairman of the Wallace-for-President Committee in 1948); of a heart attack; in Tours, France. Born of Russian-Jewish immigrants on Manhattan's lower East Side, Davidson began as a newsboy. In 1907 he headed for Europe with a \$40 stake to study art. Since 1910 he had shuttled busily and profitably between the U.S. and Europe. His most important commission: bronze busts of World War I's allied leaders. Davidson's own bland explanation of success: "It's not talent that counts, it's the driving energy."

Died. Maxim Litvinoff, 75, onetime Soviet Foreign Commissar (1929-39) and Ambassador to the U.S. (1941-43); in Moscow (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. William Adolf Irvin, 78, onetime railroad freight agent who rose through the ranks to become president of U.S. Steel Corp. (1932-38), helped organize and became chairman of the National Safety Council; after long illness; in Manhattan.



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Mr. Lot Goes to Town

"The Bible's most flaming story of transgression . . . A tremendous cast of thousands recreate a world of passion and fire!" This kind of overheated advertising blurb (for *David and Bathsheba*), and the kind of movie it is designed to sell, goaded Britain's lefthish-highbrow weekly *New Statesman and Nation* into inviting its readers to invent puns for other cinematic possibilities in the Old Testament. Last week Hollywood titrated a little self-consciously at the results:

¶ *A-Bomb Over Gomorrah*. "Drama, terror, lust and the BIGGEST explosion ever shown on the screen . . ."

¶ *Esther*. "The World's Greatest Cinderella Story. Ripe with the Wisdom of Ages, Yet Trembling with Topicality; Throbbing with Tempestuous Passion, Yet deeply Religious and Reverent . . . Sensational drama direct from the bestselling book of all time . . . Real wine was drunk in the screening of the royal feast . . ."

¶ *Deluge*! "Bette Williams in her greatest-ever role as Noah's wife. Shut up in a floating menagerie with a wild-eyed, gooey-year-old prophet! Is he saint or maniac? You'll never forget Shem, battling against the fire in the blazing hold; or Ham rescuing Japheth from the maddened gorilla they *dares not kill*! . . . Marvel at Lassie as she rounds up the escaped leopards fighting on the roof of the ark!"

¶ *Thrill to a New Kind of Love*—BIGGER than *Oh No, Onan* . . . BOLDER than *Too Far, Mrs. Potiphar* . . . BETTER than *I was a Sodomite for the FBI*. Next week at your neighborhood theater—*Mr. Lot Goes to Town*."

* A title that also appeals to 20th Century-Fox, which recently registered it with the Motion Picture Association for a biblical epic.

The New Pictures

The Greatest Show on Earth (Paramount) is a mammoth merger of two masters of malarkey for the masses: P. T. Barnum and Cecil B. de Mille. It is not just a movie about the circus; it is a fat Technicolor reproduction of the 1951 Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus itself, fondly filmed from all angles by Producer-Director de Mille, and generously overlaid with a three-ringed melodrama enacted by movie stars in the roles of sawdust demigods.

Showman de Mille, serving as his own narrator-pitchman, fills the screen with pageants and parades, finds a spot for 60-odd circus acts: aerialists, sword swallowers, clowns, acrobats, showgirls, lions and tigers, performing dogs, horses, seals, bears and elephants. He is also fascinated by circus logistics: the huge, complex task of getting the show on the road and off, of grappling with such photogenic jobs as unfurling acres of canvas and raising them into the big top.

The movie's plot does not quite hold all this pageantry together, but De Mille's scripters and actors enter into the thing in the proper flamboyant spirit. Determined to extend a ten-week itinerary into a full season, Charlton Heston, the circus' gruff but devoted manager, promises his reluctant bosses (including John Ringling North himself) to show a profit. He imports Sebastian the Great (Cornel Wilde), a daring high-trapeze artist, thereby queering himself with Aerialist Betty Hutton, who must move out of the center ring. Betty starts a performing feud with Wilde, goads him into a fall that cripples his arm.

While Betty warms up to the injured Wilde, a sexy elephant stunt-girl (Gloria Grahame) moves in on the eligible Heston. A jealous Prussian elephant trainer (Lyle

Bettger), foiled by Heston when trying to plant an elephant's foot on Gloria's pretty face, joins a plot to halt the circus train and rob the cashier's car. He causes a gigan-tan train wreck—for which De Mille demolished full-sized trains (TIME, May 7). The wreck not only awakens Betty's love for Heston and her organizing genius in effecting the circus's comeback, but unmasks a clown (James Stewart) as a great surgeon who has been hiding behind his make-up for years (and throughout the film) to beat a euthanasia rap.

As big, broad and heavy as the elephants that lumber through it, *The Greatest Show on Earth* will find a surefire audience among circus fans. Other moviegoers who endure its two hours and 33 minutes will have to console themselves mostly by laughing at a story that often makes a travesty of itself.

If art were merely a matter of fitting form to content, the movie would be a masterpiece, for De Mille and the circus are fated for each other. By sprinkling his footage with shots of circus audiences munching all the tidbits of the refreshment stand, De Mille tightens his claim to another distinction: *Greatest Show* is likely to sell more popcorn than any movie ever made.

The Model and the Marriage Broker (20th Century-Fox) defaults on a promising idea: a down-to-earth professional matchmaker, played by tart Thelma Ritter, at large among the lonelyhearts. Random glimmers of a good spoof on courtship and marriage mores get lost in an overplotted movie that strains for pathos when it is not straining for laughs.

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nician Scott Brady. Each of the pair misconstrues the other's motives, and Theima's is well. What should be plain is all that Ingénue Crain needs an acting refresher course and able Comedienne Ritter deserves a better script.

I'll Never Forget You (20th Century-Fox) is a remake of *Berkeley Square*, with Tyrone Power in the role played originally by the late Leslie Howard. In the new version, Power is a U.S. atomic scientist suffering from acute Anglophilic with historical complications. His yearning to live in 18th century England thrusts him mysteriously one evening into the Technicolored London of his ancestors.

Playwright John Balderston's old trick with time—turning his hero's hindsight into prophetic genius—is still a neat trick, and the new movie has some fun with it. But Actor Power lacks Actor Howard's charm and talent, and his inter-century romance with Ann Blyth (who turns up at the end in a 20th century reincarnation) makes something gooey and adolescent out of what once seemed hauntingly otherworldly. The picture may give moviegoers a yen to go backward in time themselves, if only to 1933, when Leslie Howard was starring in *Berkeley Square*.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Rashomon. A curious, powerful Japanese film built on four conflicting versions of an ancient crime of violence (TIME, Jan. 7).

Decision Before Dawn. A semi-documentary spy melodrama on a grand scale, picturing the physical and spiritual chaos of Germany on the eve of defeat in World War II (TIME, Dec. 24).

Miracle in Milan. A comic masterpiece of fantasy by Italy's Director Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. The costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made, a colossal melodramatic spectacle about Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome; with 30,000 extras, 63 men, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Britain's Michael Redgrave, as a Mr. Chips-in-reverse, in Playwright Terence Rattigan's story of an unloved master on his way out of an English public school (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Broadway Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective-squad room becomes an even better movie as filmed by Director William Wyler; with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness, as an engaging master criminal, in a superior British concoction of wit and farce (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. A buoyant, imaginative musical, full of fine dances and as compelling as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

The River. Director Jean Renoir's sensitive story of an English girl growing into adolescence beside a holy river in India (TIME, Sept. 24).



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BOOKS

Where Cuts Don't Bleed

THE CATHERINE WHEEL (281 pp.)—Jean Stafford—Harcourt, Brace (\$3).
 A SEASON IN ENGLAND (304 pp.)—P. H. Newby—Knopf (\$3).
 SYBIL (284 pp.)—Louis Auchincloss—Houghton Mifflin (\$3).

Once upon a time, many good people considered that reading novels was a sin comparable to sloth. When good novelists, with the help of critics and changing times, made the habit respectable, fiction began to outsell nonfiction. During the past few years, the novel has lost ground so rapidly that 1951 may be put down in literary histories as the year of the great debate: What is the novel's future—if any? It is not entirely an academic question. Publishers are shying away from novels, and for a good publishers' reason: people are not rushing to buy them.

Three of the best of the early 1952 crop of novels explain a good deal of the public's apathy and the publishers' pessimism. All three have solid literary virtues. Failure to publish them would have been something of a cultural loss. But they give such a long chewing to such delicate small bites of human experience that readers may lose their appetite for more.

Delicate Fireworks. The best of the three is Jean Stafford's *The Catherine Wheel*. In two previous books, *Boston Adventure* and *The Mountain Lion* (TIME, Jan. 22, 1945 & March 10, 1947), Novelist Stafford failed in her themes but established herself as probably the best young prose writer in the U.S. In her new book, the manner is still fine, but the matter is thinner than ever. The heroine of *The Catherine Wheel* is Katharine Congreve, rich, lovely, kind and altogether admirable. Her problem is a not uncommon one, in or out of fiction: in her late 30s and unmarried, she gets a proposal of marriage from John Shipley, like herself a rich Bostonian, and the first man she ever loved. The catch is that he is married to her cousin, that all three are old friends, and that Katharine dearly loves the three children of John and Maeve Shipley.

The whole thing is settled during a summer when the Shipleys are in Europe and Katharine has the children at her house in Maine. In prose that is gracious, sensuous and only occasionally self-conscious, Author Stafford deals with Katharine's emotional wrestle, the special despair of young Andrew Shipley, life in the big house, the crotchety local characters. But when Katharine is burned to death in a fireworks display, the tragedy is merely shocking, not moving. *The Catherine Wheel* is an exercise in literary grace, so delicate that the characters and problems it creates go up with the final fireworks.

Civilized Pallor. English Novelist Percy Howard Newby is another writer who has mastered the basic problems of his craft but can't seem to let his talent



NOVELIST NEWBY

stretch. His *Young May Moon* (TIME, Jan. 15, 1951), a novel about the troubles of a young boy when his mother dies, had most of the virtues of current English writing: a silky style, warmth toward simple people, a quick eye for oddities of behavior. His new novel, *A Season in England*, is equally gifted, equally minor.

When Tom Passmore, a Cairo professor, goes back to England for a vacation, he calls on the parents of a dead colleague, Guy Nash. Nash had never told them about his marriage to a lovely Greek girl; he had always described his mother and father to Passmore as "little less than monsters." Passmore soon finds they are a lot better than that. Mr. Nash is a gentleman, stiff but witty; Mrs. Nash is generous-hearted, and undevoted about human nature. They take so warmly to Passmore and their son's widow that Passmore begins to understand the barrier of misunderstanding that separated the parents from their spoiled son. Newby tells his decent, civilized story effortlessly and well; but at the end its pallor and essential bloodlessness bring a shrug.

Gossip in Good Taste. The ablest U.S. disciple of Henry James and Edith Wharton in many a year is a 34-year-old Manhattan lawyer named Louis Auchincloss. His special world is inhabited by New York's oldest and richest families. He writes as an insider, and his tools are accuracy and compassion. But he takes his rich so much for granted that he never makes them a fraction as interesting as a wide-eyed outsider could, e.g., F. Scott Fitzgerald or John O'Hara.

In his new novel, *Sybil*, Author Auchincloss is still a sound guide to the skeletons in the closets of the chronically rich. As the story of a young woman fed up with a career of idleness, *Sybil* is both intelligent and persuasive. What makes his story lose effect is a detached air that sometimes turns *Sybil* and her circle into people talked about rather than seen. For all its urbanity, *Sybil* winds up as not much more than fashionable gossip, well and truly gossiped.

Novelists Stafford, Newby and Auchincloss all write about life. Each is serious, sincere, talented. But each lacks robustness, a sense of the comic and a feeling for the grainy give & take of human experience. All three tell a story well, but all tell thin ones.

Survivor of the Purge

THE ACCUSED (518 pp.)—Alexander Weissberg—Simon & Schuster (\$4).



NOVELIST STAFFORD

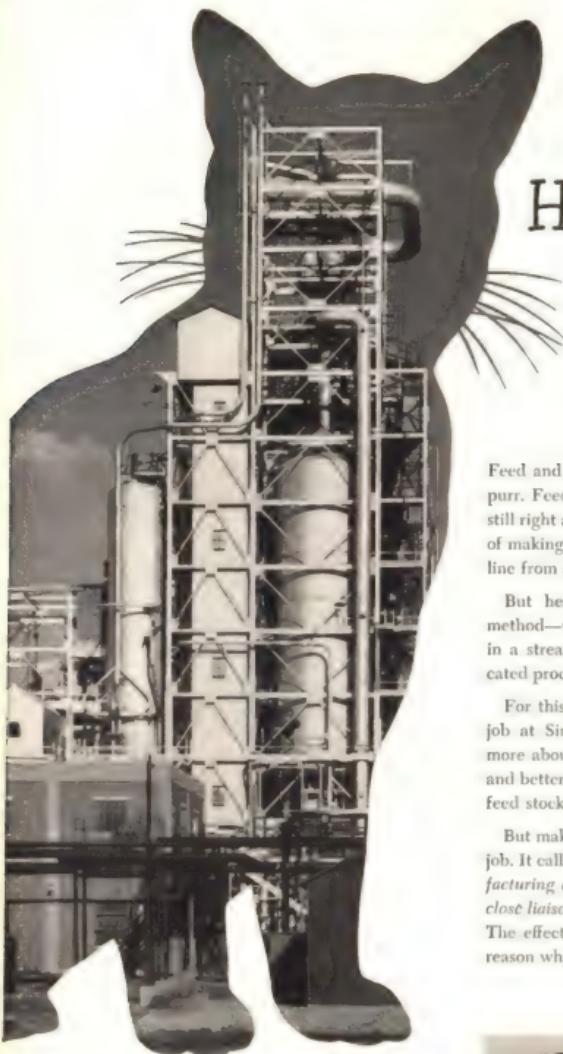


Roy Stevens

NOVELIST AUCHINCLOSS
Virtue in small bites.

Alexander Weissberg, an Austrian physicist, was in charge of the construction of an experimental plant in Kharkov. Every morning when he swept off to work in his chauffeur-driven car he would pass the prison of Khodolnaya Gora and "avert my gaze" from the distressing spectacle of "prisoners clinging to the bars." But one morning in 1937, Weissberg was unable to avert his gaze: he was clinging to the bars himself.

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Moscow trials. The G.P.U. gave him a wide choice of crimes to "confess," but their highest hope was that he would admit to organizing a plot to murder Stalin. They were deeply offended when Weissberg not only resisted admitting this, but insisted that he was also innocent of such lesser delinquencies as planning to blow up the Kharakov tractor works, or of building a "counter-revolutionary, Trotskyist, fascist, terrorist, diversionist and espionage organization . . . on the territory of the Soviet Union."

"The Conveyer." Weissberg soon learned that a claim to innocence was considered insufferable "provocation" by the G.P.U.—a deliberate attempt to undermine the confidence of the police authorities. Moreover, his rank entitled him to fabricate a really stunning spy story, superior in every way, for instance, to that of the simple worker in a cooperative fishery, who could only "confess" to having told the Germans how many fish were caught each month. And finally, the G.P.U. expected his "confession" to be watertight, as befit the work of a well-trained Communist. "You've got to make [it] as though it were true," explained a fellow prisoner who acted as a G.P.U. spy in the intervals when he was not making confessions himself, "and the examiner's got to be able to pretend to believe in it, otherwise the whole thing's no good."

When Weissberg was obstinate, the G.P.U. shoved him into "The Conveyer"—their nonstop interrogation belt which took innocent men in at one end and turned them out at the other as finished traitors, ready to be driven away to Siberia. They sat him on a plain stool while relays of examiners interrogated him day & night until his head was splitting and his splayed buttocks a mass of burning pulp. After a week of this, Weissberg "confessed"—a ticklish job, because his "crimes" had to dovetail exactly both into the "confessions" of his "accomplices" (i.e., his arrested friends who had incriminated him) and the overall plot requirements laid down by G.P.U. planners.

The examiners rewarded Weissberg with 24 hours of food and sleep. Refreshed, he boldly recanted the whole document. "You whore! You counter-revolutionary bandit!" raged the examiner, shoving him back on the stool. Weissberg stood it another four days, "confessed" again, again recanted. He then stood the "conveyer" for a further five days—and staggered out triumphant. From then on, the G.P.U. merely kept him in prison and beat him up occasionally.

Nine Million? Weissberg was not the only prisoner who defied the G.P.U. One skinny little Jewish tailor, who openly declared himself an anarchist but refused to admit to counter-revolutionary charges, "survived an almost uninterrupted 'conveyer' lasting for 31 days and . . . nights." Another prisoner, a Kharakov doctor, won through by dint of sheer comic genius and a wonderful memory for names. He not only confessed instantly, but wrote down the names of all his "accomplices"—i.e., "all the several hundred doctors in Khar-

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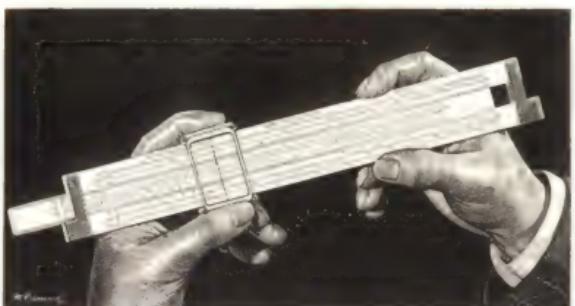
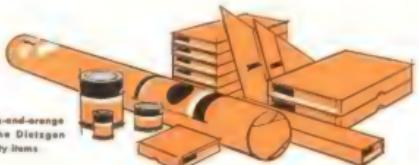
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kov." When the examiner refused to accept such a sweeping statement, the doctor addressed a strong letter to the authorities complaining that his examiner was halfhearted and inefficient.

Such men became loved and legendary figures in the prison world. But the general atmosphere was one of bewildered mass lunacy. One innocent man, broken on the "conveyer," would implicate a dozen innocent acquaintances. Each of these would implicate a dozen more. Prosecutors signed arrest warrants in bundles, without bothering to read the names. Examiners broke under the strain not only of their work but of fear of being named by their prisoners. Weissberg estimates (on good statistical grounds) that with this sort of thing happening all over the U.S.S.R., the total of purge prisoners could not have been less than 9,000,000. Most of them went to forced labor in Siberia—not because the labor camps needed them, but simply because there was nowhere else to put them.

Why? Why? Why? Weissberg, an Austrian citizen, was handed over to the Gestapo in the Russo-Nazi exchange of political prisoners after the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939. His later experience in Gestapo prisons (he now lives in Paris) forms no part of this book, which is one of the most searching, intelligent studies of its kind to date, replete with scores of prison case histories and exemplary samples of cool-headed observation. The key question in it (which has haunted Weissberg for years) is the great **Why?** Why, he asks again & again, did Stalin decide to destroy not only a horde of innocent, industrious peasants, but also the bulk of those on whom the Soviet state most depended—scientists, skilled technicians, department managers, loyal officers, doctors, experts of every kind?

Weissberg can only think that "Stalin wanted power—power without limit." Only by mass terrorization could he carry out his aim of turning the U.S.S.R. into a nation consisting of "160 million slaves and one free man." Possibly this is the correct answer; but it will hardly satisfy those who, unlike Author Weissberg, believe that this was precisely the state of the Union before the purge began.

Dancer's History

DANCE TO THE PIPER (342 pp.)—
Agnes de Mille—Little, Brown (\$3).

One afternoon in a Los Angeles auditorium, a little girl gazed while Isadora Duncan, trailing a costume that resembled a set of colossal portieres, danced about the stage for the entire length of a Beethoven symphony. At curtain call La Duncan, scarcely winded, characteristically urged her exhausted audience to go right out and run barefoot through the hills. The little girl promptly took off her shoes and tried—to the exasperation of her mother, who spent several hours tweezing out the cactus spines.

That afternoon was in the pattern of the next two decades. For Agnes de Mille, against the forceful objection of her

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father. Playwright William de Mille, and of her uncle, Movie Producer Cecil B. de Mille, set her foot on the thorny way to become a famous dancer. In *Dance to the Piper*, her autobiography, she tells how she slowly made the grade. *Dance to the Piper* is considerably more than the success story of a poor little rich girl. It is a witty, civilized account of an age of revolution in the dance, by one of the spunkiest of the revolutionaries.

Lines of a Duck. "There was no place in the family point of view for failure," says Agnes, in describing her childhood. Her mother was the daughter of Henry George, the renowned Single-Taxer, her father had been a noted playwright since the age of 25, and Uncle Cecil was by his own admission the best director in Hollywood. So when Agnes begged leave to study for a career in dancing, the favor was granted—but only, said her mother,



Maurice Schmalz

AGNES DE MILLE (IN "RODEO")
"Good heavens," said Cecil B.

on condition that she become another Pavlova.

That, as it happened, was just what little "Ag" had in mind. Unfortunately, she was constructed more on the lines of a young duck than a young swallow, but hour after hour she exercised in her mother's bathroom, gripping the towel rack for her barre, to pull herself into the classic shape.

Agnes had her dancing debut in the late '20s, in the days when Martha Graham was pioneering modern dance. Agnes was soon a close admirer of that fiercely esoteric priestess, but she never became an acolyte. It has been the distinction of Dancer de Mille's career that although her talent is small, it is strong: she has danced at every step to tunes of her own choosing.

Her first concerts showed a mature wifely flair for character dancing, and a feel for American material (forty-niners, chorines, Civil War vaudevillians). The critics



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clapped, but the going was hard. For the next half-dozen years, Agnes lived on a small allowance from her father, eked out with an occasional bond from her mother's badly depressed stock of securities. "Good heavens, baby," gasped Uncle Cecil in the innocence of his millions, "are you in this for your health?"

Out of the Cactus. In 1938, after six more lean years of recitals and study, mostly in England, Agnes returned to New York, and shortly joined the new Ballet Theatre, which was bent on proving that good ballet can have modern themes as well as the classic ones of the old Continental repertory. Turning more from dancing to choreography, Agnes composed *Three Virgins and a Devil*, which scored a quick comedy hit. Martha Graham herself called it "a little masterpiece." Next year, for the Ballet Russe, Agnes de Mille produced her bumptious *Rodeo*, and soon after contrived the dances for *Oklahoma!* in the same vein. After about 15 years of professional dancing, she was at last out of the cactus bed.

Since *Oklahoma!* she has designed the dances for a string of Broadway hits (including *Carousel*, *Brigadoon*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*), and produced some fine ballets besides (*Tally-Ho!*, *Fall River Legend*). Success has neither quenched Choreographer de Mille's ambition nor made her dizzy. Rather, in her closing pages she does some "cold reckoning without the hysteria of failure to underscore my concern," and concludes: "The work wasn't good enough."

Martha Graham gave her an answer for that: "No artist is pleased. [There is] no satisfaction whatever at any time. There is only a queer, divine dissatisfaction, a blessed unrest that keeps us marching and makes us more alive than the others. And at times I think I could kick you until you can't stand."

RECENT & READABLE

The Conformist Years (1885-1915), by Van Wyck Brooks. Fifth and concluding volume of Critic Brooks's guided tour of American literature (TIME, Jan. 7).

Borabobs, by Fär Lagerkvist. The story of a reprieved cutthroat who was haunted to the end by the memory of Golgotha; a fine novel by the 1951 Nobel Prizewinner (TIME, Dec. 3).

Closing the Ring, Volume V of Winston Churchill's incomparable history of World War II (TIME, Nov. 26).

Gods, Graves & Scholars, by C. W. Ceram. The big men and big moments of modern archeology: proof that digging can be dramatic (TIME, Nov. 12).

The Conformist, by Alberto Moravia. Italy's best novelist unravels the character of a Fascist (TIME, Nov. 12).

Life's Picture History of Western Man. A vividly illustrated panorama of a thousand years of Western civilization (TIME, Nov. 5).

Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry. Touchingly intimate self-revelations by the author of some of the finest short stories in the language (TIME, Nov. 5).



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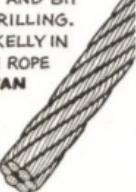
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MISCELLANY

Farewell to Alarms. In Hobbs, N. Mex., Fire Chief Archie Conner shut down his department for two days, posted a warning: "Positively no fires allowed."

Squeeze. In Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Anna Katzman got two notices from the city: 1) the tax assessment on her tenement house was raised 20%; 2) the building was declared unfit for occupancy.

Candidate for Honors. In Seattle, a driver explained to Police Captain R.W. Zottman why he had been driving at 60 m.p.h. on a slippery city street: "I was listening to a traffic safety radio program, and when the announcer asked, 'Will you be America's millionth traffic victim?' I just forgot where I was and started going faster."

Keeper of the Flame. In London, Mrs. Catherine Towersey won a second divorce after charging her husband with carrying on with the same woman she had named as correspondent in 1934 when she divorced him the first time.

Bird Lover. In Hamburg, Iowa, someone chopped a hole in the bottom of each of 16 duck hunters' boats.

Post-Operative Fee. In Cleveland, three years after getting punched in the nose during a street brawl, Steve Senich finally caught up with his slugger, handed him \$10 because the blow had cured Senich of an old breathing disorder.

Fundamentalist. In Los Angeles, Forrest Rollins strolled out on the street stark naked to buy cigarettes, indignantly told the cops who pinched him: "This is the way God made me."

Southern Hospitality. In Birmingham, when the judge asked him what the initials stood for, Juryman W.J. Weaver recalled: "My mother and daddy had eleven daughters in a row. They decided to call me Welcome John."

Weapon. In Newark, a thug took \$42 from the cash register in Mrs. Anna Margolin's drygoods store while he held her at fingerpoint.

Cold Feet. In Rotterdam, just before the S.S. *Sibajak* sailed for New Zealand, a Dutch emigrant canceled his passage, explained that his mother and sister had not yet finished knitting the six pairs of socks he needed for a fresh start in life.

Preventive War. In Miami, Stanley Decker went to a party given by the American Airmotive Corp., got roaring drunk, tangled in five fist fights, was led off by three cops, drew a \$10 fine, explained to the judge: "I was there to keep the other guests from acting the way I did. I'm a private detective."

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